



Drawn by Albert E. Stern.

"HEAD OF A YOUNG GIRL."



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AMERICAN ART AND FOREIGN INFLUENCE.

BY W. LEWIS FRASER.

(With original illustrations by Albert E. Sterner.)



It is as difficult to define our individual art creeds as it would be, without the aid of the theologians, to define a religious one. I suppose in art, as in religion, one "ought to be able to give a reason for the hope that is within"; but art has not had its colleges, its assemblies of doctors to dogmatize, to settle just what one ought or ought not to believe in. This is fortunate or unfortunate according to one's individual temperament.

It is an axiom that he who thinks deeply thinks well. Unfortunately, in matters of art, this does not always apply; for Art is a fickle goddess, who smiles upon whom she will—the "banal" sometimes more sweetly than the serious; the untaught boy oftentimes more willingly than the advanced student.

Are there, then, no canons in art in which we may trust? No exponents of its true principles to whom we may look? Plenty, if we accept the "fads," the fashions of the passing moment. I am sure the Byzantine painters had them, and I doubt not that the cognoscenti of their time bowed down before them and worshipped them. But away off in central Italy there lived a shepherd's boy, who drew pictures of his



"A SKETCH IN HOLLAND."



"UNUSED SKETCH FOR 'TRUE AND FAIR'."



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sheep on stones and fences, and with Giotto the canons of the Byzantines were forgotten, and later, with his new methods, there came new canons. So it has been since. The heretic of to-day becomes the canonized saint of to-morrow, to be set aside by new heretics and new saints.

We are fortunate in our country in having in art no past, and therefore few traditions, or traditions so recent that they have not had time to crystallize.

They are still in the waters of crystallization, and are therefore apt, by the addition of a strange substance, to crystallize into a new, a strange shape. Our Copleys, Stuarts, Allstons, Turnbulls, and what has been sneeringly characterized as "the Hudson River school," were all waters of crystallization. They had



"WINTER IN MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK."



"IN THE FOREST AT FONTAINEBLEAU."

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their half-formed canons based on English models ; but the soil of a new world introduced the new substance, for it is not favorable, by dint of its indigenous growth, to the propagation of old world plants in old world forms. And before these had time to properly root, the indigenous had, happily for us, choked them.

It is the fashion to bewail the lack of Americanism in our art. I wonder what is meant by this. American art is intensely American. Our nation has grown by assimilating the best that the whole world afforded—the making of it our own, the pruning and trimming of it, and then incorporating it into our system—and our art has grown on these lines.

It would be an insult to those who bewail the non-national character of our art, to suppose that because our artists have not yet painted *Jersey Liniment*, or on their roofs, they truth is, that where be found (a matter our painters have is not the case, then nesses, our Davises, scape, our Homers, in figure? Surely d'individual as it is this age of steam

Is it not barely that we are apt to seriously in our ex- the tentative efforts student just from and, because they echo the master under whom he has studied, raise the cry, that American art is un-American?

Our country is a large one, cosmopolitan in its population and customs. When Albert E. Sterner made the charming pictures which accompany the Balcony Stories, lately published in *The Century*, he drew types of Americans—the Americans of New Orleans. These are as untrue to New England as they would be to Timbuctoo ; but yet New Orleans and New England are both American. In "Prue and I," types which would have been utterly false for New Orleans. But it may be said that in the handling of these drawings he is not American. This is equivalent to saying that Sterner has learned his trade—that he can handle his medium without the restraint of imperfect knowledge, without that imperfection which characterized much of the American art of thirty years ago.

Sterner is a type, and an excellent one, of the American artist—not



"THROUGH THE WINDOW."



possible take too hibitions, of the Paris,



the picturesque is to of personal equation), painted it. If this what of our In- our Tryons in land- Kappes, and others these are as im- possible to be in and electricity.



fashioned by France—but properly directed by French precept and example. He had secured a footing in our art ranks before he went abroad; and while his place in those ranks was but that of a private, we knew that he was certain of promotion. He came back wearing the epaulettes and with the brevet of the Salon. The artist had been awakened in him. He saw things with wide-open eyes—eyes not dazzled by the glitter of the yellow and the blue of impressionism, yet profoundly impressed by the spirit of modernity. He was a stronger draughtsman, a better colorist, a more artistic artist, a conservative radical in art. His later visits to Paris have but strengthened these qualities.

Artists do not, save with rare exceptions, arrive at the maturity of their powers at Sterner's age, thirty. He at present thinks better than he does; his works are sometimes faulty in drawing, occasionally show impatience of their subject, and now and then are worried and teased in execution; but, whatever their faults, the artist is apparent, and possessing this quality, they are always valuable.

Sterner is a keen observer of character, as is well shown in the note-book sketches which accompany this article. What could be more admirable than the thumb-nail sketches which surround page 5, or the head of the French *ouvrier* on page 7. Unfortunately his quality in composition is suggested rather than shown in the unused sketch for "Prue and I," one of the most charmingly illustrated books ever issued from the American press. He is an admirable painter,



"STREET IN HOLLAND."



"A PORTRAIT."





Drawn by Albert E. Stern.

"A PAGE OF SKETCHES."

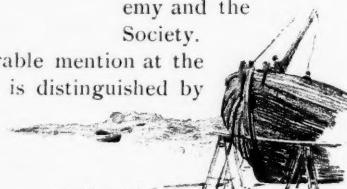
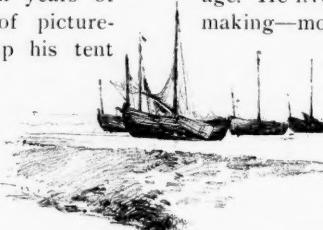


is a Londoner born, with a Parisian temperament and an American earnestness of character. He first saw the sun on March 8, 1863, and came to America when he was eighteen years of studying in the line of picture-fine day he pulled up his tent Paris. There he stud-and Boulanger. Since to the top of his stu-Sterner is a mem-Water Color Society, hibited at the Acad-American Fine Arts

His picture of "The Bachelor" received honorable mention at the Salon in 1891. Mr. Sterner's draughtsmanship is distinguished by a nervousness of handling and an economic directness of touch. He goes to his subject clear-headed and free-handed, and tells his story simply. He is a vigorous objector to the catch-penny frills of "popular" picture-making, and even in his earlier days tried to be conscientious in his simplest work.

a soft, rich, and brilliant colorist. This quality of color finds its way into his black and white. But when he is thus characterized, it yet remains to be said, that his chief quality is his artlessness; a quality which cannot be defined or formulated, but without which no great art work was ever accomplished.

NOTE.—Albert E. Sterner, whose work is reviewed so gracefully in the foregoing paper, age. He lived in New York for a while, making—mostly by himself—until one stakes and sailed for ied under Lefebvre this time he has forged dious vocation. Mr. ber of the New York and has frequently ex- emy and the Society.



"A LABOR QUESTION."



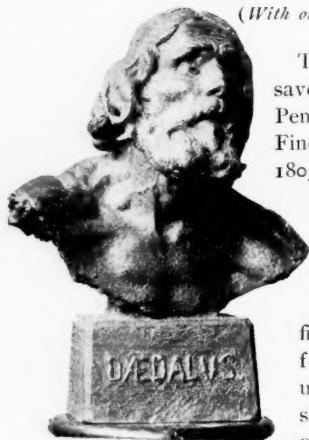
Drawn by Albert E. Sterner.

"ANDANTE."

THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS.

BY CHARLES McILVAINE.

(With original illustrations by prominent members.)



By Charles Graffy.

THERE is a veritable savor of 1776 about the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Founded in 1805, but little over a century's quarter after the State House bell rang out its immortal peal of American Independence, the first meetings of its founders were held under the same roof sheltering the Congress of Patriots that gave the bell its special tongue.

One of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, George Clymer, was its first president.

Of those who fathered a nation were the parents of the first American Art



From a painting by James P. Kelly.

"OLD AND KNOWING."



From a painting by William T. Trego.

"THE CHARGE."



Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens.

"A PASSING COMMENT."

shall give it first place among the nations of the earth.

As early as 1791, Charles Wilson Peale, "captain of volunteers, member of the legislature,

saddler, clockmaker, silversmith, painter, modeller, engraver, glass-moulder, taxidermist, dentist," father of a multitudinous progeny, gathered about him those inter-



Drawn by Peter Moran.

"TIRED."

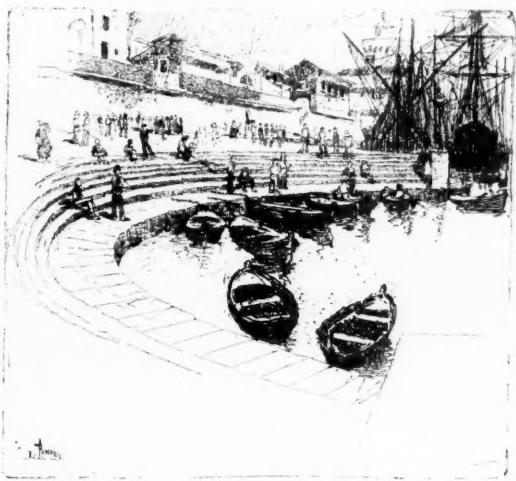
Academy. In their far-reaching thoughtfulness they did not forget that the success of a people depends upon its enlightenment; that each enlightenment is an art, and that the greatest of these is Art. This heritage—the oldest American Art Acad-

emy—is the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, honoring its parentage, retaining its fostering protection, and projecting a future for American Art which



Drawn by Henry McCarter.

"THE FISHERMAN."



Drawn by Joseph Pennell.

"THE LANDING PLACE."

ested in giving to the sparsely feathered nation, by the impetus of organization, a school for American Art.

This organization, named the Columbianum, was successfully completed in 1794. The walls of Independence Hall were hung



Drawn by W. Sartain.

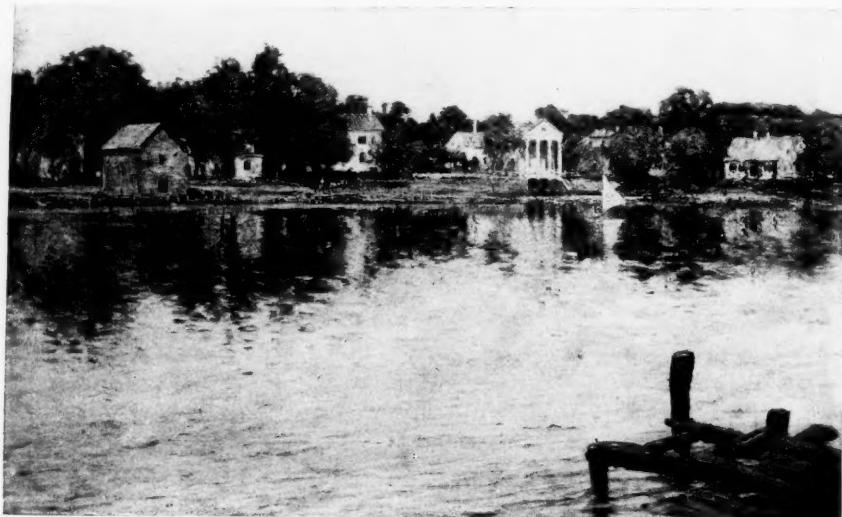
"STUDY."



Drawn by Frank Fithian.

"A TIFF."

with its first public exhibition of paintings. The historic thread is strong, but frayed in places, which holds the Columbianum to an honored sheep-skin, yellow and horny as glue, preserved among Philadelphia's sacred relics, which tells how seventy men wrote their names in 1805, and pledged themselves "to promote the cultivation of Fine Arts in the United States of America." And tells, too, of what

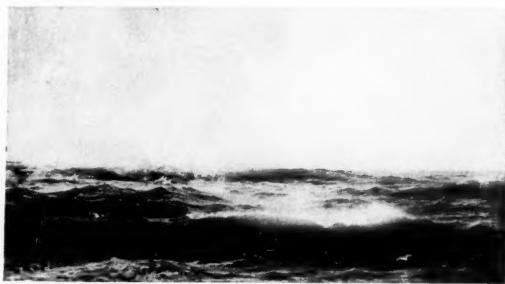


From a painting by Colin Campbell Cooper, Jr.

"BY THE RIVER."

they would buy, and what they would build, and what they would do, for love of that gracious Genie—Art.

The boots of history are seven-leagued. The strides reach 1893. The building of 1807 has been carted away. On Philadelphia's broadest street, the name,—The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, is carved on stone over



*From a painting by W. T. Richards.
"THE BELL BUOY, NEWPORT."*



*Drawn by Jerome L. G. Ferris.
"A GENTLEMAN OF YE OLD SCHOOL."*

his life, and whose hand, though palsied, and whose eyes, though dim, directed for eleven years the Academy's classes within his own ambitions, but to possibilities beyond; Edward and Thomas Moran, always delighting with etchings of cheery life; James Hamilton, he of hilarious memory, and snatcher of the sun's secrets; Wm. T. Richards, who coaxes into silent places, and paints Nature's whispers; John Sartain, the grandfather of steel engravings; D. Ridgway

the grand entrance to a fitting palace where Art is queen.

Pointing with well-earned pride to the long list of world-famed men and women, one time students under the Academy's tutelage, she names Peter F. Rothermel, stirring patriotism in all who stand before his picture of Patrick Henry; Samuel B. Waugh, indicator of attractiveness in American scenery; Christian Schussele, whose surname fitted



*From a painting by Helen C. Hovenden.
"OF HIGH DEGREE."*



Drawn by D. Ridgway Knight.

"EDGE OF THE LAKE."

Knight, broad as the Continent in his early portraiture of American subjects, but delicate as the daintiest portrayer of French life and atmosphere, wearer of the ribbon of the Legion of Honor and medals of the French Salon; Stephen J. Ferris, at-



From a painting by Robert Henri.

"FIELD DAISIES."



Drawn by Milton Bancroft.

"CHESTER CATHEDRAL."



Drawn by Louis M. Glackens.

"RESTING."

Anshutz, the conscientious, now teacher of the classes drawing from the antique; Joseph Pennell, whose pencil gives so accurately to the resident what his eye sees abroad; Frank D. Briscoe, at home with brush, pen, or pencil, anywhere where sight is worth



From a painting by Henry R. Poore.

"BURNING BRUSH."

tractive in whatever he essays; Milne Ramsey, a cherished recorder of pleasant things; Kenyon Cox, full of the *spirituelle*; and Abbey, telling of daisies and meadows, and lasses of long ago.

Thomas Eakins, founder of his school at the Academy, long time instructor; Thomas

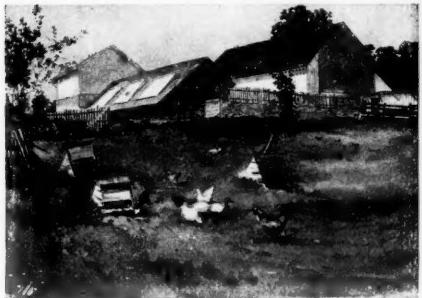


Drawn by Fred. L. Pitts.

"COOPER'S POINT."

in sympathy with our household pets, Herman F. Deigendesch, M. R. Trotter, Wm. T. Smedley the illustrator, Benj. F. Gilman—and the list stops not there.

The Academy has not given a Rosa Bonheur to America, but of its women pupils stand forth Ida Waugh and Emily Sartain, as fathered by it. Also



Drawn by F. Cresson Schell.

"NEW BRITAIN FARM YARD."



Drawn by William M. Goode.

"CONDOLING."

indelibility; a score of others equally faithful to their calling as artists and the nest of their hovering—Lovell Birge Harrison, Robert Blum, George W. Platt, John J. Boyle, James P. Kelly; Carl Newman, now member of the Academy's Faculty; Henry R. Poore,



From a painting by Henry Thouron.

"CONSCIENCE."

*Drawn by William J. Glackens.**"ON LOGAN SQUARE."*

the chicken yard, for the prominent publications of

Alice Barber Stephens and Cecelia Beaux, women loved where art in magazines is dear.

There is evolution in artists as well as in art. America might claim primogeniture of architects in the Cliff Dwellers, bass-relief moulders in the Mound Builders, artists upon the painted skins worn by the Aborigines. She cares not to do that ; she is content with her Academy.

Springing, winging, spreading themselves notoriously over the continent are her recent offspring—the grasshoppers in art — those who are chirpy, assertive, devouring, and destined to succeed their fully-fledged predecessors. Among them are F. L. Fithian, doing black and white chromatics most acceptably, from the heights of society to the comedies of

the day ; Goodes, MacCarter,

*Drawn by F. F. English.**"THE VILLAGE TAVERN."*



*Drawn by F. R. Gruber.
"IN DEEP STUDY."*

No such clutch
within the cen-
other single art

While holding
Keystone State as
the Academy has
without recogni-
Academy has ever
good work by its
the contributions
the blood and
honored founders,
broods to-day the
will advance her
glory—a glory
all generations to

and Daggy, al-
ready climbing to
the top of humor-
ous delineators,
pointed at futurity
as successors
to the inimitable
A. B. Frost, with
an individuality
bred curiously by
a common parent
mated with poly-
morphic genius.



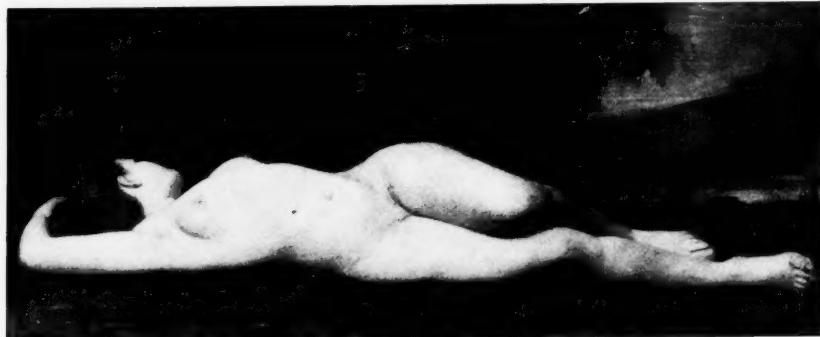
*From a painting by
Charles Harley.*

"A STUDY."

has been hatched
tury from any
nest.
the name of the
first to its title,
honored the State
tion from it. The
been held to its
own earnings, and
of those holding
independence of
The Academy
generation that
own and their
that will live in
follow.



*From a painting by Thomas Hovenden.
"IN THE ORCHARD."*



From a painting by Carl Newman.

"ASLEEP."

AN ARTIST IN BUSINESS.

BY HENRY MILFORD STEELE.

(With original illustrations by James Symington.)

THE old notion that an artist or a man of letters must necessarily be unfitted for a business life has been pretty well exploded during recent years. Perhaps the most interesting demonstration of the falsity of the old theory is furnished by the career of the firm composed of James Symington and F.

Hopkinson Smith, who are successfully engaged in the eminently practical business of building lighthouses, breakwaters, sea-walls, and other stone construction. Both these men are painters of established reputation, and one of them is a famous author as well.

James Symington was born in Maryland in 1841, and early manifested a fondness for drawing, in which he was encouraged by a Presbyterian minister who took a fancy to him and who was himself a draughtsman of considerable skill. In 1853 Symington went to

Cincinnati, and at the age of fourteen or fifteen found himself engaged in writing out the opinions of the judges of the Superior Court for the official reports. This occupation gave his thoughts another turn, and he began regularly to study law. But his love for drawing did not leave him; on the contrary, it was strong enough to lead him to enter a night class, where he worked steadily for a

year or two, making satisfactory progress.

At the beginning of the war, he joined the 18th Mississippi Regiment of the Confederate army as a private, and served until the war ended in 1865. During the latter part of the war he became an ordnance sergeant, and was quartered for a time near Richmond, where he had charge of some blast furnaces. Iron was extremely scarce in those days, and whenever the Ordnance Department heard of a furnace





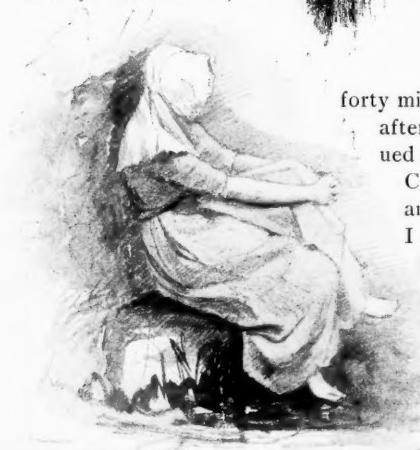
"A MARTINIQUE BELLE."

anywhere in the mountains some one was sent off at once to investigate and report upon the quantity and quality of the output, and upon the facilities for its transportation. This difficult, and at times exceedingly dangerous, duty usually fell to Sergeant Symington, and during this period a great deal of his time was spent in the saddle.

On more than one occasion he had experiences which nearly cost him his life. He tells the following

"One day I received orders directing me to look up an iron where in the mountains of Patrick property of a man named Samuel Hairson, was one ginia, and the owner of dred slaves; a veritable

"Although the furnace the iron produced was re-
dingly fine in quality;
from Danville, the
tion. I should have
ville, but the quar-
that I would have no
Henry Courthouse,



story of a winter's adventure: from my quartermaster di-furnace he had heard of some-County. The mine was the Hairson, whose father, of the richest men in Vir-more than thirty-seven hun-colony of servile blacks. was only a small one, ported to be exceed-but it was sixty miles nearest railroad sta-taken a horse at Dan-termaster assured me difficulty in finding one at and advised me to take a stage from Danville to that place. I did so. Henry Courthouse was

forty miles from Danville. It was winter, and soon after we started snow began to fall and continued steadily all day. When we reached Henry Courthouse the snow was six inches deep, and still falling as if it never meant to stop. I put up at the little country tavern; there were only two stoves in it—one in the kitchen and the other in the parlor—but I managed to get through the night in reasonable comfort. The next morning the snow was more than eighteen inches deep. I spent two days looking for a horse, but there was not one to be had, and I finally determined.

to push on afoot. Accordingly, the next morning I set out on my twenty-mile walk. After I had made about six miles I came to a river which I was obliged to ford. The water was fully four feet deep and very cold. I got across somehow, soaked through, of course, and nearly frozen. Here I found that an uncle of Hairson's lived about two miles up the stream, and I started at once for his plantation. I was about the sorriest looking tramp imaginable when I arrived; but I explained who I was, and received the warmest sort of a welcome. I stayed there two days, resting, for I was pretty well used up. They wanted me to stay a couple of weeks, but I knew that I ought to be going.

"My host offered to lend me a horse to go a part of the way, and he sent a darky boy along with me to take the animal back. His parting instructions were to the effect that I must send the boy back as soon as we reached a point beyond which he did not know the road. We started off bravely enough; but at the end of nine miles the boy turned back and I clambered along up the mountain on foot. It was mighty hard travelling. The snow was covered with ice about an eighth of an inch thick, which broke through at every step and made anything like satisfactory progress impossible. Several times I was on the

point of giving up altogether; but I floundered on, and at last, to my great joy, and by one of those lucky accidents which sometimes happen, I met Hairson and his son on horseback. Hairson took the boy up behind him and gave me the lad's horse, and together we made our way to his house. I was so completely exhausted that it was all I could do to keep from falling



"A BIT OF TRINIDAD."



"FULL DRESS, MARTINIQUE."



"A DUTCH CHAT, SCHEVENENGEN."



"MARTINIQUE GIRL."

off the horse ; but we reached the house at last, where I was immediately put to bed.

"It was two weeks before I was able to leave that place."

Mr. Symington's adventures in the wild mountain country of Virginia furnished him with an abundance of material for an unusually interesting book, which it is hoped he may some day be prevailed upon to write.

When the war was over, in 1865, Mr. Symington came to New York and engaged in business with his present partner, Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, to whom he is distantly related. He studied for some time at the Academy of Design, generally at night, and his water colors soon began to attract attention. He made drawings for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, and at one time Mr. Leslie sought to engage him as one of



"ALONG THE SHORE, WINDWARD ISLAND."



"APPLES ARE RIPE."

the regular staff of artists permanently employed on the paper. He joined the Water Color Society in 1878, and has been its treasurer for the past nine years. He is re-elected every year, and has come to be regarded as the permanent treasurer of the society.

In 1887 Mr. Symington made an extended trip through Europe, painting industriously all the time. In company with Thulstrup and H. W. Ranger he wandered through England, France, Germany, Sweden, and Norway, and brought back an immense number of studies and pictures. He has travelled all over this country from the coast of Maine to Southwestern Texas, investigating different varieties of building-stone, and painting by the way. Mr. Symington is one of the most popular men in the profession, and he deserves it.

A PAINTER OF MARINE SUBJECTS.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

(With original illustrations by James G. Tyler.)

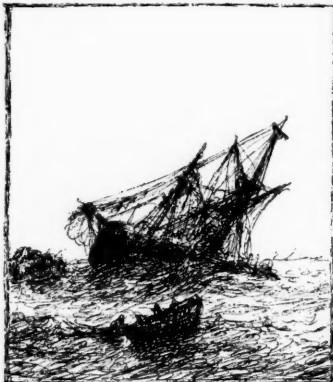


"SUNSET GUN."

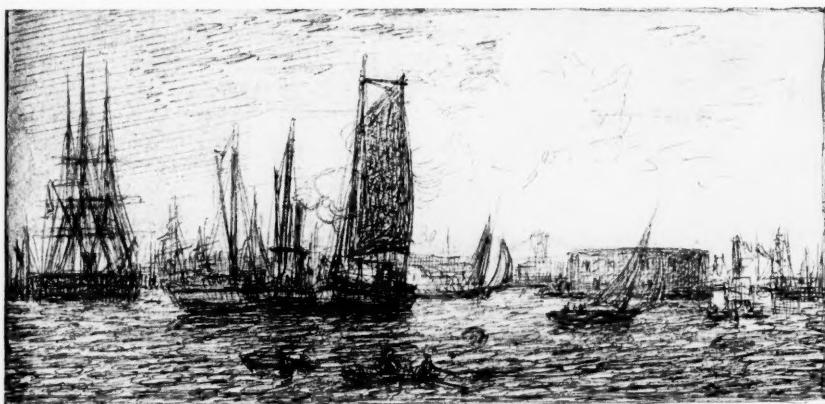
ence to what critics may say and other artists think, and he speaks out his mind with a manly freedom which seems to count silence as cowardly. One of his friends, commenting on this characteristic in reproving tones, said, "Jim talks too much!" Fortunately for those who come within his circle, Mr. Tyler does not agree with this friend, and therefore his acquaintances are not denied the pleasure and the profit of the thoughts of a mind all untrammeled. Such characteristics can only be accompanied with

WHEN an artist has enthusiasms, and the courage of them, he is likely to get a good deal of happiness out of his art "whatever woe betide." When these enthusiasms, and the following of them, lead to success, the artist thus possessed and thus guided is to be envied among men. This reflection has been suggested by the work and the personality of James G. Tyler, the well-known marine painter, for both the man and his pictures are alive with enthusiasms which will not be denied, but on the contrary are apt to become contagious.

He paints in just the way he thinks he ought to paint, without refer-



"ABANDONED."



"IN PORT."

great sincerity. In Mr. Tyler's case we have not only courageous enthusiasms and frank sincerity, but genius as well, and, therefore, both the man and his work are potent with charm. So much of the space allotted to this article is wisely given up to the reproduction of Mr. Tyler's pictures and sketches that it is not possible for me to enter into any discussion of the merits of his work. Through these reproductions, however, his pictures speak with an eloquence that no writer could command. Therefore, I shall be content to say a few words about the man himself and his career as an artist.

Mr. Tyler began painting in 1870, when he was fifteen years old. He was then living in his native Oswego. He gained some little local fame before he had been at work a year, and when a



"A TEN-KNOT BREEZE."



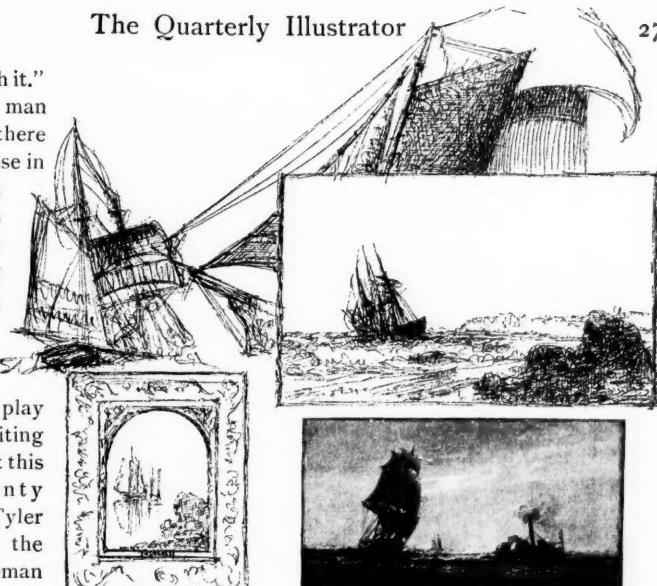
"ROUNDING CAPE ANN."



"GREETING A STRANGER."

member of the National Academy visited the town he was taken to see the youthful celebrity. This Academician, though a man of genuinely well-earned fame, is not a handsome man in the eyes of strangers, nor does he clothe himself with any degree of smartness. His fame had not reached young Tyler's studio, and the man himself did not look in the least as the boy artist thought an Academician should look. The elder and somewhat shabby man looked at the lad's canvas through his glasses and said kindly : "Your boat moves, my boy, but your clouds

should move with it." The young man thought that there was a deal of sense in the comment, but at the time he was suspicious that a joke was being played upon him, and that a casual tramp had been pressed into service to play the part of visiting Academician. At this day, some twenty years later, Mr. Tyler is not sure that the shabby gentleman who called on him in Oswego is not the ablest of all American landscape painters. The writer is tolerably sure that he is. At all events he has many admirers.



"THE BREAKWATER."

The next year Mr. Tyler painted about three months in the studio of A. Cary Smith, then well known as a marine painter, though at present he has deserted the pictorial art to be a designer of yachts. This is the only instruction Mr. Tyler has ever had save that which he has given himself. And to himself he has been a hard and exacting master, for never yet has he produced a work that was to himself entirely satisfactory. Recognizing, however, that what he did was as good as he at the time had power to make it, he has given his works to the world with a clear conscience.

Mr. Tyler, like Mr. Albert Ryder, for whom, by the way, he has a very warm

admiration, paints from his imagination, and his imagination should be spelled with a big I. He, therefore, escapes the commonplace, and in this achieves no mean distinction. It must not be understood by this that Mr. Tyler is a painter of the uncanny. It is true that in an exhibition at the Academy a few years ago he had a picture of the "Flying Dutchman," and Mr. Ryder, by the way, treated the same subject for the same exhibition. But even in putting on canvas such a baffling subject as this, Mr. Tyler was equal to the occasion, and came near to satisfying the very severest critics who were gifted with any imagination. It was most interesting at this exhibition to contrast the conceptions of Ryder and

Tyler and their methods of treatment. The opinion of connoisseurs was about equally divided, and of critics as well. This was without doubt Ryder's masterpiece, and Tyler has said with characteristic frankness that he greatly preferred it to his own. Tyler's was a study in gray, the phantom ship half revealed in a bank of fog; Ryder's phantom ship was seen in a blaze of glorious color. Both were poetical, both were satisfying. Mr. Tyler's masterpiece, according to his own judgment, is a painting recently finished, and called "The Dawn of the New World." This picture is the result of much hard work and study. It is an effort to represent



"A BRIGANTINE."



"MOONLIGHT."



"BECALMED."

there are unfortunately not many now there worthy of national ownership.

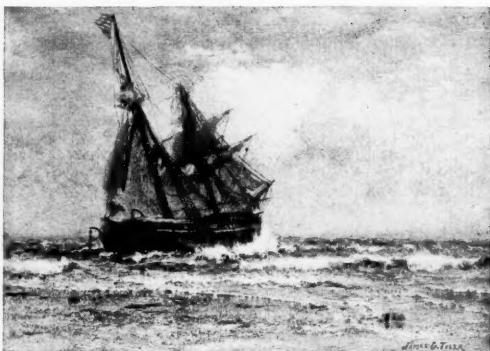
Mr. Tyler is an impressionist, and sacrifices nothing whatever to the finicky detail upon which many realists waste all their time and power. Painting from within himself, instead of copying merely that which he sees, it is only natural that he should frequently produce results incomprehensible to those who have no head above their eyes. But this lack of appreciation, manifested now and again by hanging committees, bothers Mr. Tyler not in the least, for he feels that it is his mission in life to paint his own pictures in his own way ; to please himself and satisfy his own sense of beauty, and what Carlyle called "the eternal verities," without reference to a few busy nobodies who have elbowed themselves into place and authority for the sake of the cheap fame which passes almost as soon as it has come.

the little fleet of Columbus just as land is discovered. Mr. Tyler made this picture before the Columbian caravels had been built, and he needed to find his models in the old records. He has succeeded most admirably, and in this picture there seems to be a happy combination of the real and the ideal. Without this combination, probably no picture is quite worth while to be made. It would be a pity for such a picture as this to be buried in some private collection, and it is to be hoped that the movement to secure it for the Capitol at Washington will be successfully pushed. There is room in that great pile for many pictures, but

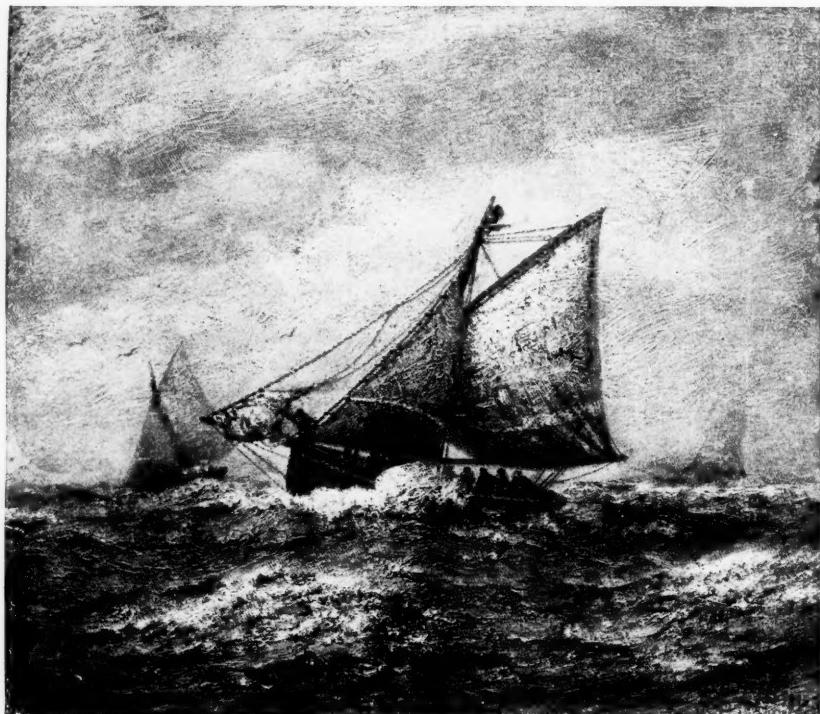


"AMPHIBIANS."

When Mr. Tyler sees his own picture rejected, and the half-finished offering of his pupil hung upon the line, he merely laughs and sells his own canvas for five hundred dollars or so. He has his money, and his sustaining enthusiasms remain with him always. These enthusiasms would go far toward making Mr. Tyler happy with his lot, even though he had to do without very much of the money. Not that he despises money—not at all. Even though gifted with an imagination that soars and soars in newer atmospheres, and sails and sails on undiscovered seas, he is too human to despise money, though he confesses freely that he has hated to have to make many of the pot-boilers to which he has signed his name. Fortunately for him and for his art, the pot-boiling era has been passed.



"ASHORE."



"DUNRAVAN FISHERMAN."

AN ILLUSTRATOR OF CHILD LIFE.

BY WILLIAM MCKENDREE BANGS.

(*With original illustrations by Maud Humphrey.*)



"JOSEPHINE."

So fleeting are the expressions of a child's emotions, that successful and artistic representation of children has always been a difficult task ; but, when it is successfully accomplished, pictures of children are almost invariably beautiful. And not only are children's pictures, therefore, very pleasing to those who love beauty —whose number, it is to be hoped, is growing and extending—but representations of our future men and women, which are at all adequate, must be interesting and gratifying to all who love children, and their number is certainly legion.

Very beautiful indeed, and very interesting, are the pictures of child life to be found in the original drawings and paintings of

Miss Maud Humphrey, or in her work as reproduced in the books she has illustrated for children or representing them. That an artist, or any one else for that matter, should "work along the line of least resistance" to accomplish the largest and best success possible, is a truth

so obvious that perhaps to state it is to express a commonplace; but it is evident that along that happy line has Miss Humphrey worked, for, as her many and various representations of child life are examined, one cannot fail to be impressed with



"SWEET CLOVER."





"BUBBLES."

the manifest pleasure she finds in the work, or to feel that her love for her subjects must be very real, and her sympathy with them deep and sincere. Otherwise, I take it, it would not be possible for her to so represent the characters of her little people, and to so suggest their thoughts and quick emotions. Her pictured children are not merely children of handsome faces and pretty clothes. They have something more.

Miss Humphrey was born in Rochester. In her very earliest childhood she drew and made pictures as best she could. Her early hope was to become a painter of animals, and her youthful enthusiasm was for Rosa Bonheur. Before she was twelve she had begun to take lessons in drawing; but her eyes failing her in some measure,

she was compelled for a while to desist. A few years later, however, she had so progressed that she became a pupil at the Art Students' League. While a student here she made illustrations for a children's magazine published in Boston. Her first work in color was done about this time ; and soon thereafter, now about six years ago, she was requested to illustrate a holiday book then about to be prepared. Miss Humphrey's pictures were of children, and were drawings in color, from life. This work received favorable notice and attention, and, it may almost be said, determined her aim and the manner in which she should pursue her art. Her efforts, it is true, have not been limited to pictures of children alone. Many other figure subjects, including notably charming pictures of young women, in black and white, and in color, have been the product of her pen or brush ; but it is as a painter of child life that Miss Humphrey has achieved unquestionable, and her greatest, success.

While it may appear to the uninitiated that the picturing of children is a simple, straightforward task, the contrary is the truth. To begin with, the children's artist has a twofold difficulty to contend with. The brain-whirling restlessness of the young model is a thing to discourage the tyro in this line of art work, and the difficulty of fixing with pen or pigment the ever-changing expression of a child's countenance—the portrayal of the sweet, unsullied soul of such wee characters as engage the talent of Miss Humphrey, is an accomplishment both arduous and thought-provoking.

It is true that the artist here considered often falls short of her ideal ; that her pictorial em-





"A FINE LADY."



Humphrey brings a gay and joyous fancy. There is an evidence of zest in her drawings. She has the gift of placing rightly delicate and pleasing qualities of color. She also appreciates the limit to which an artist, dealing solely with one class of subjects, may go. One is convinced in viewing her children on paper and canvas that the artist's heart pulsated warmly for the tiny models from whom she drew her inspiration.

It is clearly evident, too, that Miss Humphrey is partial to the miniature men and women of a past

bodiments of small boys and girls lack spirit and expression ; but none the less there is a sparkle of style in her delineations of childhood that amply recompenses one for the missing qualities of her work.

To her work Miss



"DEAD BROKE."

epoch ; for while her children are modern enough in face, form, and occupation, they are more often than not arrayed in the quaint attire of youngsters long since passed into great-grandparenthood and gathered to their forefathers in weedy church-yards. This is, of course, because of the great picturesqueness of old-time garbing ; for the clothing of the *fin de siècle* child, like the attire of its parents, is more funereal or grotesque than artistic and eye-pleasing.

It has often been remarked that while women are supposed to thoroughly understand childhood above all other phases of life, they rarely paint it exclusively, and when they do, it is in a strictly ideal light.

Miss Humphrey, it is plain to be seen, has a decided preference for child women, and dainty little women at that. The small boy of to-day is not picturesque



"THE CARES OF MOTHERHOOD."



"GOOD-BY."



"A SUDDEN SHOWER."

enough to please her fancy, perhaps, or pranks and naughtiness have no humor in them for her. Oddly enough, however, another child painter, and a man at that, invariably chooses these neglected boys for his most engaging pictures.

But dominating all Miss Humphrey's work is the note of seriousness. Her purpose is the picturing of child nature in its best moods, without affectation or a falsifying of visible facts. In her own peculiar undertaking in the field of art she has attained a much-deserved distinction, and as a student of childhood—its foibles and pleasantries—she is alone among women painters and illustrators.

A VERSATILE ARTIST.

BY ALEXANDER BLACK.

(*With original illustrations by Carle J. Blenner.*)

CARLE J. BLENNER belongs to that interesting group of American artists which we sometimes vaguely describe as "the younger men," or as vaguely again as "the rising men." A Virginian by birth, an alumnus of Yale, he has, within the space of a very few years, exhibited a capacity to be cosmopolitan in style to a degree such as only Americans, perhaps, ever can. He received his art education—or perhaps, in the case of a student so indefatigable, we should say the academic part of this education—at Paris, under Bouguereau, Schenck, and other masters, from whom he returned with a firmly individual style.

His work displays a great deal of versatility, ranging from the most delicate forms of landscape to spirited portraiture. At the World's Fair he exhibits "Contentment," and a portrait of Señor Don Roderigo de Saavedra of the Spanish Legation, both admirable examples of his style. That Mr. Blenner will always be effective in portraiture is hinted in the force and character of his figure studies, which contain subtle draughtsmanship and wholesome phases of color. The head of an old woman reproduced in one of the illustrations to the present article is a piece of clever realism in which there is a keen reading of the human nature lying beneath the surface.

"Country Life" tells the simple yet always freshly eloquent story of the farm and its unexciting routine. The elements of the picture are skillfully brought together, and the work throughout is sincere and direct. How neatly Mr. Blenner manages sentiment may be indicated by "Afternoon Tea," which belongs to the *vers de société* of painting, and which makes no attempt to



"AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN, CONNECTICUT."



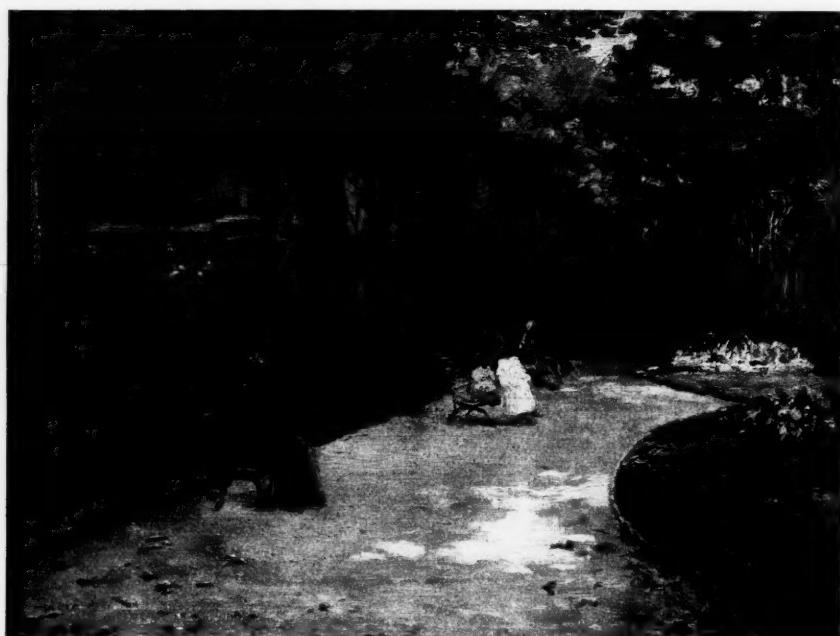
"IN THE CABBAGE FIELD."

give to the old romance anything more than its natural charm. This is one of the stories that always are told best when they are told without flourishes—though, after all, it might be difficult to fancy a subject of which this could not be said.

During his residence in Paris, Mr. Blenner appears to have become acquainted with many phases of French life and character. Certainly his studies of Parisian scenes and people are marked by a quite evident appreciation of something more than the shell of things. The "Luxembourg Garden," for example, strikes a truly Parisian note, and the same may be said of the glimpse into the grounds of the Musée de Cluny. Mr. Blenner enters with zest into the treatment of subjects nearer home. He has put real poetry in his "Old-Fashioned Garden," one of those quaint, inartistic but delightful nooks of Connecticut, where there are stone walls



"A STUDY OF AGE."



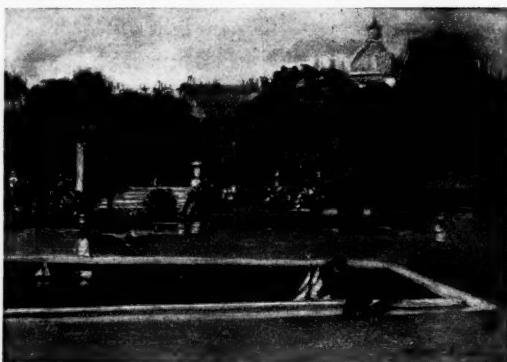
"GARDEN OF THE MUSÉE CLUNY, PARIS."

"COUNTRY LIFE."



for vines to grow on, and nature has a strongly distinctive cast. These nooks are so often neglected that it becomes a real pleasure to find them well treated by a discerning artist. "In the Cabbage Field" carries the eye across a stretch of cultivated country. These subjects are not fantastic; they do not bid for that dangerous adjective "ingenious." They deal with the fundamentals, and deal with them without sensationalism of any kind.

As an illustrator, Mr. Blenner has shown highly favoring gifts. The facility with which he eliminates unnecessary detail gives pertinence and clearness to his work. Illustrators are perhaps particularly under the necessity for studying the element of proportion in the use of detail. Too many of our ambitious illustrators are missing the essentials of the art by overloading their pictures. Mr. Blenner appears to be in no danger of hampering himself by making this radical error. During the past summer he had charge of the Yale art school, and is now settled again in his New York studio in the Sherwood, where the winter days will be too brief to work up the thousand and one sketches treasured in his well-worn note-book. In his wide range of subjects, Mr. Blenner will easily avoid sameness of execution.



"LUXEMBOURG GARDEN, PARIS."



"AFTERNOON TEA."

A HALF-HOUR WITH STUDIO BORES.

BY CHARLES DE KAY.

(*With original illustrations by numerous artists.*)

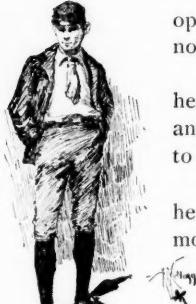
"THERE it goes again!"

The painter strode testily to the door, swept aside the portière, opened a crack and chanted rather than remarked, "Thank you, no, not to-day."

"They are always coming," he continued, craning back his head to look at his canvas. "If it's not a beggar, it's a peddler; and if it's not a model, it's the worst of all—the amateur who wants to pose."

"Danielson told me," I remarked, "that one of the best models he ever had was a young lady, a rank amateur, who earned pin-money unknown to her family. She was shapely as Dian, and as irreproachable."

"Danielson's in luck. Generally they are far from well formed, bore one to death before coming to the point, and hate you forever when you politely say you cannot use them. If they really needed to work, I would not mind. But, any-



By Amy L. Kellogg.
"HIS HOLIDAY CLOTHES."



From painting by Bruce Crane.

"MID-SUMMER."

how, give me a professional, every time."

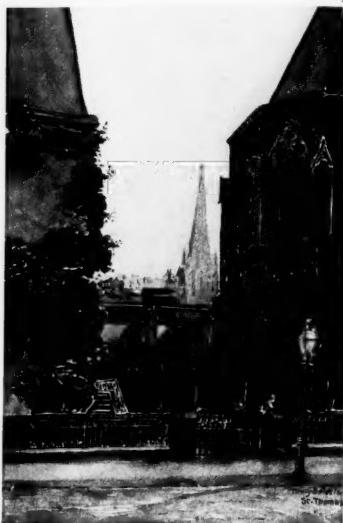
"They do need the money—oftener than you think," I answered. "But I suppose it's generally vanity of the person. Now, the vanity of women is a caution—to men!"

"Well, now—see here—I know exceptions."

"Of course—and the men, too. Did you ever notice row-



*Drawn by A. B. Doggett
"SCENE IN VENICE."*



Drawn by H. B. Herts.

"REAR OF ST. THOMAS' CHURCH, NEW YORK."

and he paints now as well as he draws. There it goes again!"

A sound at the door. A timid scrabble at the knocker.

"Five dollars or a dinner it's a lady who wants to pose for the good of art—draped, of course—but will at last condescend to take pay for her services!"

"Done!"

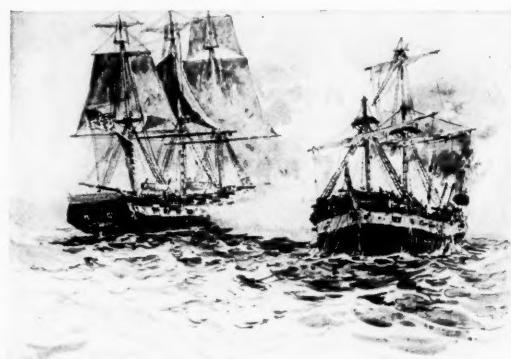
The door opens, and in hobbles a wonderful old trot,

ing men and boxers, how they stand around stripped after their bath to be admired, puffing out their chest muscles and clinching their fists to bring up the biceps?"

"I'm not much in that line. All I have time for is an hour with the foils round at the fencing club when it's too dark to paint. That gives me just the right glow in muscles, and makes me sleep like a top."

"Carroll Beckwith has a good model," said I, "and Irving Wiles has the monopoly of some very lovely sitter—romantic but not a bit silly."

"Beckwith's a good draughtsman, and no mistake," said he pensively and as if with reluctance. "At one time I thought the French had swallowed him forever—Carolus Duran and all that—but he's struck out for himself,



Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman.

"A SEA FIGHT."



Drawn by R. B. Birch.
"PATHWAY OF LOVE."

and I will dine with you to-night."

"I should think you knew I had interruptions enough," severely, to his friend the painter, "without playing any chestnuts like this! If I'd taken the trouble to look at you, I'd have seen right through you. Bah!"

who speaks English that sounds like a cross between Cape Cod and Cadjen. She is dressed exactly like one of the old wrinkled country-marms President Wood paints for the Academy. She sits down on the edge of a chair and mystifies us not a little, until I get a chance to whisper in the painter's ear, "Look at its boots!"

The painter marches up to the crone, tweaks off a bonnet and wig, and takes by the ear the inhabitant of another studio on the floor above, who thereupon breaks into a yell of laughter and throws himself on a divan.

"I've won," I remark. "So far as exterior goes, it's a lady, and she came to pose. She



By Victor Perard.
"THE STROLLER."



Drawn by Chas. S. Reinhart.
"A TANDEM TRAM."

"Well, that's just it," said the other. "You never do look at anything, and that's why the public buy your pictures—a fellow feeling, you know."

"It makes no difference," said I, coming to his aid, "whether you artists see anything yourselves or not. All you have to do is to find out what and how much the public sees, and then paint with the eyes of the public. Then you're made."

A wad of paint-rags whistled



From painting by Walter Satterlee.
"THE MONK IN PRAYER."

"Speaking of animals," said the painter, glad to escape from a painful subject, "did you ever notice how much mule Reinhart gets into his Southern illustrations—the sublime patience of his beasts, and the look of waiting for the right time to kick?"

"Reinhart is a Virginian, I believe, and grew up with mules and darkies; or, if not Virginian, he belongs to Southern Pennsylvania, which is



From painting by T. W. Wood.
"THE CUP THAT CHEERS."

by my ear. The masquerading artist sat up very stiff and shook his fist, uttering oaths in Italian, Spanish, French and German.

"Regular art-critic talk. You make me ill."

"Nothing wounds like the truth. I'm only agreeing with you."

"Half-truths do more harm than lies."

"You'll acknowledge that artists must live," I interposed; "that few are supported while they are waiting to be discovered in a business way, and that most of you are trying to guess what the public wants. As one *animalier* of note remarked: 'Yes, cats are still doing something this year, but I think dogs are stronger.' Find out the fashion and plunge in."



From painting by G. A. Reid.
"THE GARDEN WALK."



Drawn by F. C. Gordon.

"WATCHING THE GAME."

much the same—mules, buzzards, drawl, pickaninnes and the rest."

A yawn from the painter is interrupted by a peremptory tattoo on the knocker. There is an obscure sound beyond the portière like the rustling of skirts and subdued coughing. The door is thrown open, and a tall young lady enters, with a most belligerent boa of cock's feathers round her throat; she is followed by a stout elderly lady in furs. They

march in with an air of ownership, regard the old woman with condescension and me with evident distaste.

Abashed, I retire to a corner of the studio, where I open a portfolio of draw-

ings. Here are a laughing monk, drawn with much pains as to wrinkles, by Fred Webster; a seated youth, by George W. Breck; a "regular boy" with his hands in his pockets, by F. C. Gordon; a Venice water-color by Doggett; and sketches by young Malcolm Fraser, by H. B. Herts, by Edwin B. Child, Morgan Rhee, C. M. Relyea, Archie Gunn,



Drawn by Gean Smith.

"WELCOMING THE NEWCOMER."



Drawn by E. B. Child.

"PENITENT."



Drawn by Irving R. Wiles.

"PAULINE."

and others more or less known like them as illustrators or as painters in oil. As I raise my head, the handsome but high-nosed young lady with the boa is surveying the walls of the studio.

"I like that," she exclaims, stabbing the air with her parasol before a landscape with pool, lily-pads, partly denuded tree on the right, and a charming effect of distance back to the horizon.

"It is by a friend of mine, Bruce Crane," remarks the painter in an uncertain voice. The dubious one and I exchange glances, and the former feels it necessary to double up and

tie a shoe-string. I have to sneeze and cough at the same time.

The young lady with

a boa regarded us suspiciously through her eyeglasses. Something told her (it was not the fear of using up the painter's time) that



Drawn by J. B. Bristol.

"LAKE GEORGE."

it was the moment to leave. I noticed that he lingered in the hall, perhaps apologizing for the queer pair of loafers in his studio.

The silence was thick enough to cut with a palette knife when the artist returned to his easel rather red in the face and preoccupied.

"Neighbor!" squeaked the old woman, in comedy voice, "a dunt know nuthin' bout picturs, but a dew know what a li-ike. Now that ther' pictur o' yourn, I swow, it's a cheff-dover!" and he pointed to a drawing by Reginald Birch pinned against the wall.

But the painter was too sulky to rise to this bait. Finally he said:

"You remind me (opposites suggest each other) of a story Gean Smith tells. He began as a painter of high-bred horses, in Chicago, before he



Drawn by G. A. Traver.

"THREE TO ONE."



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller.

"ABOUT FINISHED."

*Drawn by J. Carroll Beckwith.**"A FAVORITE."*

retreat with a freshly painted canvas as a shield.

"And the lady in the cock's-feather boa? You were polite enough to her. Social racket, eh?"

"That lady, sir, is my betrothed."

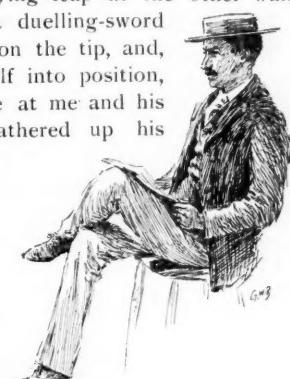
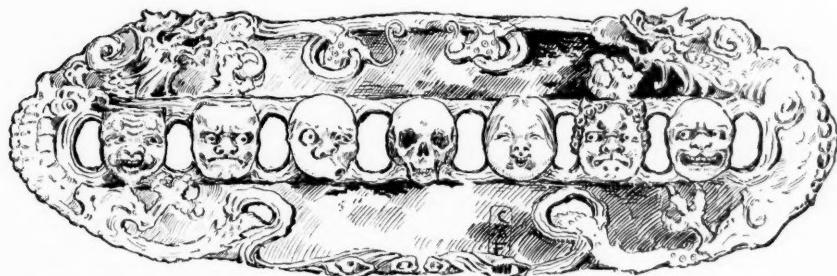
"Great Scott! Congrat——, good-by!"

went in so much for cattle. One day the trainer, Splan, introduced him to Rarus loose in his box-stall. After seeing him installed (no pun) the trainer went out and happened to be called away from the stable. Rarus got so fond of Gean, or else he was so almighty tickled to be painted at all, that when Gean tried to leave, the horse wouldn't let him."

"And is this yer a parable?" asked the other, feigning not to understand the hint.

"It means I won't prevent your going, as Rarus did," remarked the painter, sourly. He made a flying leap at the other wall, pulled down a duelling-sword with a button on the tip, and, throwing himself into position, began to lunge at me and his friend—who gathered up his skirts and fled.

I retired in good order on the door, covering the

*Drawn by Fred Webster.**"MONK'S HEAD."**Drawn by G. W. Breck.**"THE SKETCHER."**Drawn by Malcolm Fraser.**"WHEN THE CURTAIN RINGS DOWN."*

A PAINTER'S PROGRESS.

BY ALFRED TRUMBLE.

(Illustrated from original paintings by Leonard Ochtman.)

SOME ten years since a young artist came to this city from Albany, and established himself in a modest studio under the roof of an old-fashioned house around the corner from Union Square. He was not known among the guild here, but his pictures, which appeared in different exhibitions, attracted some attention, and there were those among our older painters, who are generous in recognizing and acknowledging youthful and new merit, who singled them out as the work of a man with a future. These pictures were landscapes, familiar pastoral scenes, of a charmingly peaceful character, simply painted, without any pretensions to technical display, but fresh and pure in color, and lively with the spirit of the subject. They commenced to figure at the National Academy of Design in 1882, were modestly priced, and found a ready market.

The artist, Leonard Ochtman, was a native of Holland, but had from childhood resided in Albany. It was hereabouts that he began to draw and paint from nature, guiding himself entirely by the suggestions afforded by the pictures which he saw in the art dealers' galleries, in occasional public exhibitions, and in such private collections as he could gain access to. He was, practically, feeling his way, and if his progress was not as rapid as it might have been had he received a regular



"A RUTTED BY-WAY."

course of instruction, it at least resulted in his painting like no one but himself. He possessed the advantage of a highly sensitive artistic temperament, which rendered him instinctively appreciative of true beauty in form, line, and color. The late Alexander H. Wyant once remarked to me of one of his small canvases at the Academy : "Here is a young



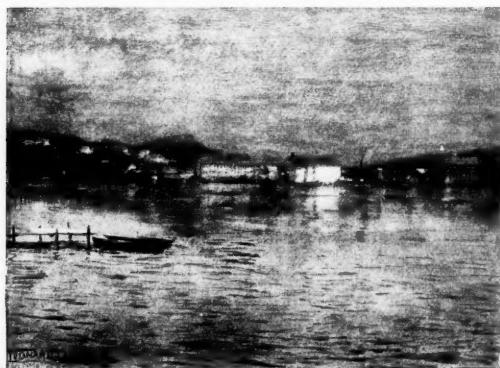
"THE GRASS-ROAD."

man, now, who was born to be an artist. He is only learning to paint, and his work is weak and thin. But notice how he grasps the picturesque qualities of his subject, and how tenderly he renders them. He is painting his own heart here, you may be bound. He will soon arrive."

This prediction, uttered by one of the veterans and masters in American landscape, upon the suggestion of an unostentatious study of some bit of an Albany suburb, has been



"THE BOAT-LANDING."



"ACROSS THE WATER."

thought and painted, he unconsciously gathered expanded, his growing confidence strengthened his hand. At each succeeding exhibition his productions revealed more force of execution, and grew steadily upon the favor of those who saw them. One of our dealers in pictures, a man not then much given to encouraging native talent, said to me, at an Academy show :

"Do you know this man?"

I told him that I had met him, and gave him what infor-

amply fulfilled. From the time he settled in New York, Mr. Ochtman's progress was rapid. To the slender, reserved young man, with the refined and delicate face, whom many took to be a poet, as, in his way, he indeed is, every gallery among whose treasures he wandered, silently observant and studious, was a school. He had already, by a natural process of development, learned to think and paint for himself. Now, learning how others



"A RIVERSIDE VISTA."

mation I could as to who he was. He listened attentively, with his eyes upon the picture all the while. Finally he said : "I like his work. He's going ahead. I shall go and hunt him up."

The artist, however, was beyond his reach. He had accumulated sufficient capital to venture on a trip to Europe, and there he remained a couple of years. The pictures which he sent over from time to time demonstrated that his voyage was not being wasted. They elicited critical commendation and rose steadily in the favor of collectors. Most favorable indication of all, in the practical sense at least, for art must feed on something more substantial than air, the prices his pictures commanded went higher and higher.

I should add, to Mr. Ochtman's honor, that while he returned from Europe with his art broadened and fortified by experience and study, he brought back with him also that individuality which belongs to him as to all men whose education has been self-won. He paints now, as before, not like a student of the French, the German, the Dutch, or any other schools, but like Leonard Ochtman. I know no higher praise to be extended to him, or I should extend it.



"THE COLD, COLD SNOW."



"GARNERING THE HARVEST."

A DECORATIVE ARTIST.

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

(With original illustrations by Frank Fowler.)



strated his acquaintance with in brushing. He has effect in the figure which he has exhibited full measure is given, however, I have alluded. In them there position which would be ex-achieved success as a teacher and clearness of his instruction. They effectiveness. Three figures occupy In the central division are the violin-induced with these remarks, and a nude cherub, a page of music. The panels to the right are assigned to both musicians and dancers.

the nude trumpeter, illustrated herewith, is accompanied by a manad in yellow, dancing, and a semi-nude bacchic youth, beating time with a ribboned wand as he joins in the measure. A cellist in the last panel is draped in yellow, and the dancer and tambourinist grouped with her are robed, one in blue, the other in white and lavender. Each one of these figures is an image of grace and animation, and they are thrown against a background of fleecy

SOONER or later an artist gets his opportunity. Mr. Frank Fowler returned to America about fifteen years ago, after a sojourn abroad which had been chiefly distinguished by experience under Carolus Duran. He had been chosen by that eminent Frenchman to aid him in the painting of a fresco in the Luxembourg, "The Apotheosis of Marie de Medici." I do not know that the decorative faculty which Duran must have divined in Mr. Fowler had never been employed in this country until lately. I do know that his reputation here has been founded on his work in portraiture. At the World's Fair his contributions to the exhibit of paintings were all portraits. But any one who sought out the section devoted to architecture at the Fair must have noticed some studies of draped and nude figures by Mr. Fowler. A few fragments belonging to the set appear in these pages. They were made in the preparatory room they nity.



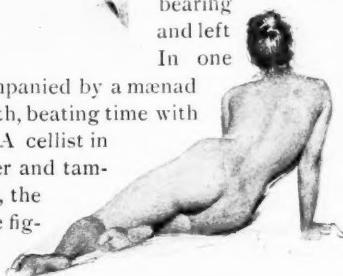
ration of three panels for the ball-ceiling of the Waldorf Hotel, and represent Mr. Fowler's opportunity.

In his portraits he has demonstrated the truths of structure and his skill appeared to the same good studies other than portraits, ed from time to time. His

in the frescos to which is the simplicity of compeeted of one who has through the good sense have also piquancy and

each of the panels. ist and lyrist repro bearing and left

In one



clouds and delicate blue sky with a harmonious adjustment to the latter of the flesh tints and of the draperies I have mentioned. The workmanship shows self-possession and energy, and the coloration is delightful. The decorations are extremely clever, in short, and, what is perhaps most pleasing, they are thoroughly decorative. Though Mr. Fowler has not heretofore attained distinction as a mural painter, he has not lacked appreciation in other directions. He is valued as a teacher. He is a member of the Architectural League and the Society of American Artists, and is an Associate of the Academy. At the Universal Exposition of



"WITH EYES SERENE."



Within the past few years there has been awakened, among painters, a prefigured Morris Hunt, at the time of formation. Signs of it were to be observed at the World's Fair, where a group of American artists

pro-
duced

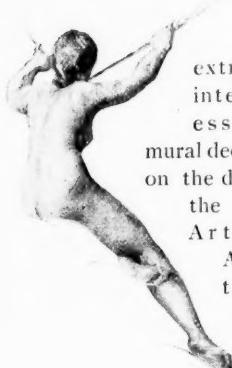
some
extremely
interesting
essays in
mural decoration
on the domes of
the Liberal
Arts and
Adminis-
tration
build-

ings. When the new Public Library building in Boston is completed it will be one of

the most magnificently embellished edifices in the world, for such artists as Puvis de Chavannes, Whistler, Abbey, and Sargent have been commissioned to people its walls with painted figures. Mr. Fowler's work indicates a welcome movement in American art.

1889, in Paris, he was awarded a bronze medal. He is still young, having been born in Brooklyn in 1852. On the foundations of an art education, sought first with Edwin White in Florence, and then in the École des Beaux Arts and the studio of Duran, he is building a creditable superstructure through constant cultivation of his gifts.

That in this superstructure there will be incorporated the fruits of further decorative attempts in the vein which Mr. Fowler has reopened at the Waldorf, is highly probable. In the first place, because these frescos have proven his ability as a mural painter. In the second place, because an ever-widening field is being spread before decorative artists in America. years a long-dormant impulse and the school of fresco many years ago by William Albany, is even now in course



THE ARTISTIC DISCOVERER OF LONG ISLAND

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH.

(*With original illustrations by Charles H. Miller.*)



"THE ENCHANTED MILL BY MOON-LIGHT."

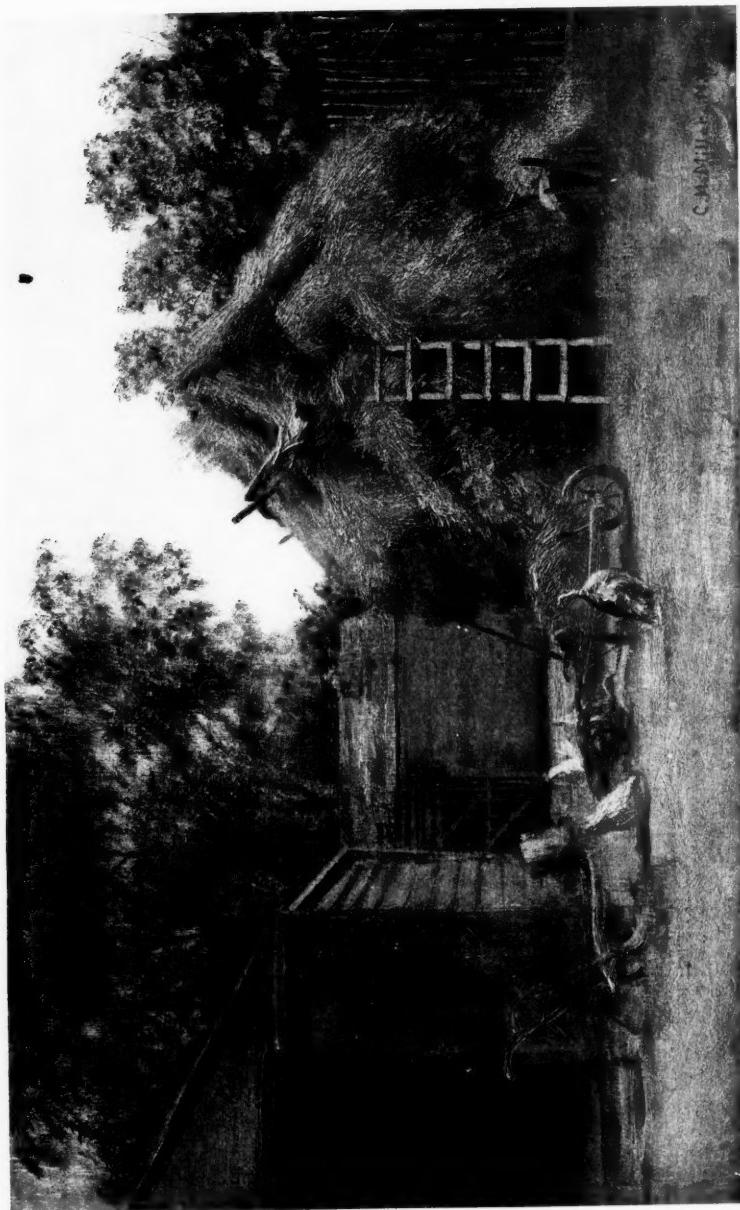
THE most important art movement of recent years among us owed its immediate inspiration to an action by Mr. Miller, who was then, with Mr. Wadsworth Thompson, on the hanging committee of the Academy of Design. This was in 1877, we think, though possibly a year earlier. The vitality and breadth of the younger painters having strongly impressed these two gentlemen, they at once broke through the long-established customs of the Academy. The pictures of the new generation were hung upon the line; those of the Academicians in the spaces left, without regard to the sanctities of ancient precedent or privilege.

This action on the part of Mr. Miller and his colleague won from the younger painters an immediate response, while it created among the elder men both indignation and dismay. The Academicians met and agreed upon a rule by which each member should hereafter be entitled to so much space upon the line. The younger artists also met, but out of their agreement developed that which with its noble building has since been known as the "Society of American Artists."

For this early recognition of their work the younger painters have always held



"STEWART'S POND, NEAR JAMAICA, LONG ISLAND."



46 THE BARNYARD AT QUEENLAWN'S¹⁹

Mr. Miller in loyal regard. One feels that whenever his name is mentioned among them. That for which the public who have lost recollection of these things esteem him, however, is his sympathy for the picturesque and beautiful in the Long Island landscape, a picturesqueness and beauty of which he has been so distinguished an interpreter. Bayard Taylor used to refer to this lover of the out-of-



"THE MILL ON THE BAY."

of versatility—a versatility that extends outside his own immediate profession. He is an enthusiastic worker in political and social fields. His studio in New York is more of an artistic workshop than a mere painting parlor; no cumbrous bric-a-brac belittles his walls or floors. Mr. Miller has made a life-long study of the picturesque part of old Long Island, and many are the artistic records he has torn from the leaves of nature's book, spread open upon this rich little continent—torn, not rudely, but with careful, sympathetic touch.



"GATHERING LEAVES."

doors as the artistic discoverer of that interesting country. But Mr. Miller has grown to be something more, so strongly is he imbued with the spirit of its quiet loveliness, so eager a student is he of its old landmarks and traditions, and with such appreciation has he translated them on canvas for us. His effects in color, the richness and depth of which bear testimony to the better Munich influence, are lost in their reproduction into black and white, the splendor of his sunsets fades, but one has always left the charm of the composition, and that which nothing destroys, the sense of a very delicate and rare appreciation of the picturesque felt in all of Mr. Miller's works.

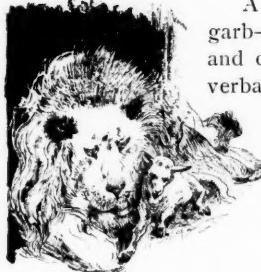
NOTE.—In person Charles H. Miller is ruddy, robust, and royal tempered. His laugh is as vigorous as his painting. He is a man



"SUNSET AT EAST HAMPTON."

THE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE QUARTER.

BY PERRITON MAXWELL.



*Drawn by A. Brennan.
From Life.*

"THE LION AND THE LAMB."

A CLOISTERED philosopher—no less a man for his monkish garb—who studied that delicate mechanism the human heart, and drank soul-deep from the well of wisdom, once put in verbal form the hitherto unexpressed conviction, that to remain as good as we are, we must ever strive to become better than we are.

To no set or circle of the world's refined workers need the terse theorem be more frequently pointed out for thoughtful observance, than to the well-trained picturists of our periodic literature. It will be readily granted by every attentive follower of letters, that the many men and few women who make a business of embodying pictorially the creations and realities dealt with by the mental artist are too often prone to stray

from the full meaning of the latter's text. Our best illustrators are open to this charge; our worst ones are perforce painstaking in this regard—their interpretations, coarse or careless in an art way, making for absolute and sometimes servile adherence to the printed lines. The painter of Simon Pure stripe may revel in the luxury of his own ideas and ideals, may pet and fondle his own peculiar point of view, may interpret nature and history to the bent of his own sweet will, fancy, and caprice; but even a genius in the field of illustration must harness his art to



Drawn by J. H. Sharp.

*From Harper's Weekly. Copyright, 1873, Harper & Bros.
"INDIAN DANCE."*

the vehicle of the writer. The magazine article and the magazine illustration are a pretty pair when well mated, well groomed, and of an equal high-bred class, but they are inevitably a tandem team, and the author is always the fore steed; it does happen at times, however, that the "wheeler" carries the load. It should not be forgotten, that no matter how individual or imaginative the style of a monochromatist, it is

always the province of his craft to explain with brush and pen-point the meaning of the types among which his pictures are destined to blossom in their reproduced form. The first aim of the illustrator should be to *illustrate*. Detractors of the black-and-white art have denounced it, off hand, as a superfluity. Absurd denunciation. Contrariwise it has become a necessary and important adjunct to the best literature of our time. More than this, it is the bread, cheese, and beer of art. Its beauty is of the substantial order, and its rewards are of a piece with its grace.

Glimpsing the foremost illustrated magazines put out of press within the quarter-year

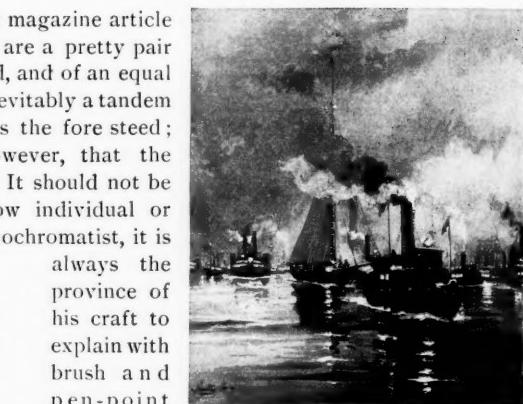


Drawn by Otto Teasvern.

From Life.

"SHOPPING."

gone by, the characteristic that forces itself upon one and clings to memory is the cosmopolitan flavor of their pictured pages. Foreign artists figure with great prominence among the illustrators of the leading American magazines all through the numbers of the past year. But why, the drawings from abroad have not themselves explained. From the whole mass of alien work no single sketch stands out with the mark of genius,



Drawn by W. Lewis Sonntag, Jr.
From Once A Week.

"RETURN FROM THE RACE."



Drawn by E. W. Deming.

From Outing.

"SIOUX CHILDREN."

First came Harpers with a strong attachment for English art in black and white; then an affection was displayed by the Century for the illustrative work of certain Frenchmen, Italians, and Russians. Later the Cosmopolitan (true in this instance to its name) and Scribner's—gaining artistic strength with each successive moon—have gone to Parisian ateliers for a deal of their monochromatic material. It may be that the gentle public demands exotic art in its periodicals as it demands it in the exhibitions. Be it so, native illustrators need



Drawn by C. R. Grant. *From The New York Ledger.*
"AN ANXIOUS MOMENT."

embellish the leaves of American literature does not in any sense indicate that our own illustrators have fallen in the pit of oblivion. Indeed, no perceptible diminishment of their industry or ideafulness has come of the invasion.

From here and there, with a thought mainly to eclecticism of subject and treatment, a sheaf of monochrome drawings from various journals has been garnered, and is strewn before the reader of these pages. Of the snappy sketch by Alfred Brennan—a ponderous, ruminative old lion, strangely tolerant of



Drawn by C. Mente. *From Once A Week.*
"THE MAHARAJAH OF KAPURTHALA."

have small fear of foreign competition. The greatest pictures in black and white have been made in American studios, and the future prospect is aglow with promise. That foreign illustrators have been called upon to



Drawn by T. V. Chominsky. *From Life.*
"IN THE MUSIC ROOM."



Drawn by M. Colin.

From Once A Week.

"NEGRO CAMP MEETING IN DUTCHESS CO., N. Y."

the presence of a meek and frail-bodied lamb—little can be said except in praise. It has all the qualities that make this artist's pen-work unique and ever pleasing. A pictorial echo

of the American desert and the serious play of its nomadic children is excellently portrayed by J. H. Sharp in his drawing of a ceremonious dance of Indians. Study this picture closely and you will hear the guttural ejaculations of these stern-faced wild-men, and



Drawn by

Ethel Isadore Brown.
From Life.

"RURAL ENTERPRISE."



Drawn by De Cost Smith

From Outing.

"THE SIOUX TANNER."

the heaving breathing of the youthful squaws. The slow, measured patter of bare and moccasined feet, the dull plund, plund of the snake-skin tom-tom further off, the intense earnestness of the dancers—all is either pictured by the illustrator of this scene, or knowingly suggested by his neat but not too laborious drawing. It is as good a thing as has been printed in Harper's Weekly during a trio of months. Coming to the van of our black-and-white elucidators of contemporary life is W. Lewis Sonntag, Jr. His is an easy style, brimming with suggestive coloring, and strong in its presentation

of essentials. Mr. Sonntag has the knack of ceasing work at the proper place. Having given you a true idea of place or person he leaves you to scrape acquaintance with his drawing, and you are flattered by this acknowledgment of your discernment and imagination. An admirable quality of this artist's work is its



*From a painting by H. G. Plumb.
From Demorest's.*

"IN DURANCE VILE."

straightforward simplicity. His subjects are clearly drawn; his method clean cut and free. Otto Toaspern has studied well the attitude of his two women who step from the cross-walk to the curb. A woman bends herself considerably when mounting a step or stairway, and Mr. Toaspern has caught the precise action in his little study from Life. E. W. Deming gives us in his picture from *Outing* a brief but comprehensive glimpse of quiet life in an Indian encampment. The children and the dogs are the most entertaining



*Drawn by S. W. Van Schaick.
From Life.
"THE HONEYMOON."*



*Drawn by Frank H. Schell. From Frank Leslie's.
"THE VIGILANT."*

features of a tepee village, and the artist, recognizing this fact, has rightly placed his youthful braves and their canine companion in the foreground of his sketch. The work of Charles Mente is often

seen in the pages of Once a Week, and its character is a sort of pictorial reporting. Doubtless he is a rapid workman. In any event, his is a nervous manner wedded to a faculty for centering one's interest in the main facts of a scene—certainly the first desideratum of a good illustration.

In the death of

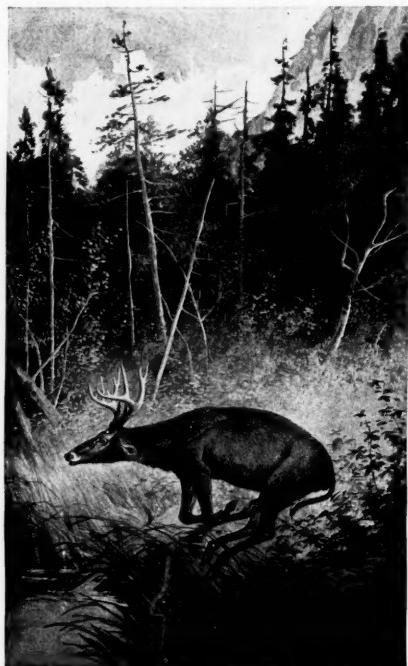
C. R. Grant a conscientious contributor to the New York Ledger and other illustrated papers has been lost. Weak at times in a technical way, Mr. Grant never failed to give the real point of an episode or adventure in his black-and-white accompaniments. Far above the ordinary are the drawings of T. V. Chominski. Life has absorbed the best of this artist's work. It is a broad, intelligent species of illustration that Mr. Chominski puts forth, and it is of the kind that holds no hint of imitation. In soft gray tones M. Colin takes us under the slender branches of a young forest and into the very midst of a darky camp-meeting. The scene is a real one, and has a delightful open-air feeling in it. Mr. Colin is a versatile contributor to Once a Week, in which periodical his best work has appeared. Ethel Isadore Brown has a delicate touch, well indicated in her sketch here given from Life. De Cost Smith has made a faithful study of the fast-dying life of the plains, especially the life of our aborigines. His drawing from Outing is breezy and broadly executed. As in all his work, the sketch by S. W. Van Schaick of Life, reproduced with this, gives one



*Drawn by S. Crosby.
From Puck.
"BREAKING IT GENTLY."*

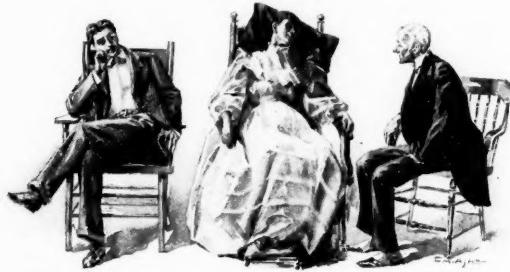


*Drawn by Jay Hambridge.
From McClure's Magazine.
"A COSTER GIRL."*



*Drawn by Hermann Simon.
From Outing.
"SMASHING THROUGH THE BRUSH."*

the impression that it was made in the teeth of a gale—so full of vigor and go is his style. F. H. Schell, J. Hambridge, and S. Crosby have ways widely divergent, but equally interesting. A suggestion of instantaneous photography is called to mind in viewing Hermann Simon's cleanly made drawing of a jumping deer. A lively picture most truly, this one. E. M. Ashe, careful, discerning and gay; Joseph P. Birren, a bit stiff but forceful; F. T. Richards, amusing in his theme and clever in his method—are three illustrators whose *Life* work has commended itself for reproduction here. A touch of effeminacy is in the production of Albert



Drawn by E. M. Ashe.

"THE CONSULTATION."

Drawn by Joseph P. Birren.
From *Outing*.

"AT THE FOOT-BALL GAME."

Scott Cox, but the action of his figures is excellent. A painter-like, substantial quality fills the monochrome by Parker Newton. His picture is a cameo

masterpiece of artistic force and suggested color. C. J. Taylor has executed

better drawings than the example given with the types of this page, but the extreme economy of line with which he has shadowed upon white paper a table scene with five persons and a Delft plaque is worth a half hour's study. Suave and simple is the drawing by H. B. Wechsler, whose brush portrayals appear with pleasing frequency in *Life*. Non-essential details do not cumber the

Drawn by
Grace Hudson.
From *Overland*.

"THE LEGGIN' GIRL."

Drawn by Albert Scott Cox. From *Once A Week*.
"THE COUNTRY COUSIN INTERCEPTED."

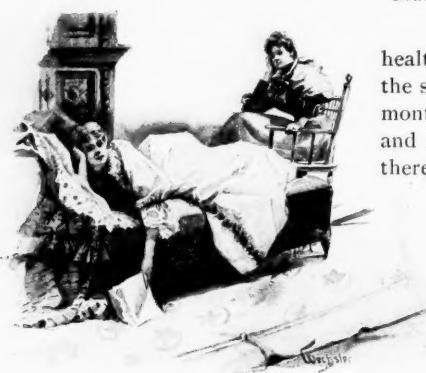
pictures of this illustrator. His women are refined, but not prudish; his men are sensible fellows, whose clothes fit as well upon their persons as their dialogues become their surroundings. The truth of it is that Mr. Wechsler understands this business of reflecting flesh-and-blood people amid their actual environment.



*Drawn by F. T. Richards.
From Life.
"HE TOOK HER SIDE."*

illustrator's mannerisms nor his ready comprehension of reproductive values, but in the fitness of the picture to the text. The artist with gifts of his own who can most fully appreciate this fact, must needs rise to the pinnacle of his profession.

Outlooking upon the stirring sea of contemporary illustration, the view is an engaging one at the moment. There is a



*Drawn by H. B. Wechsler.
From Life.
"TRIALS OF AN AMERICAN HEIRESS."*



*Drawn by Parker Newton. From Once A Week.
"DESTROYING A DERELICT."*

Thus hastily surveyed, the illustrations of the vanished quarter are neither the least nor the greatest of the year, but have in them enough of the entertaining and artistically meritorious to warrant study and challenge opinion. The essence of successful monochrome picturement is not in the



*Drawn by C. J. Taylor. From Puck.
"OBTRUSIVE."*

healthy strife for supremacy among the smaller and newer craft which sail month after month before our vision, and with the older, stancher vessels there is a closer trimming of sails and

a keener zest in the race for the stake-boat of popularity. We who watch the contest from the shore can at least wave a welcome to each newcomer and cheer along the old, familiar racers in their accustomed course.



L. THEO. DUBE.



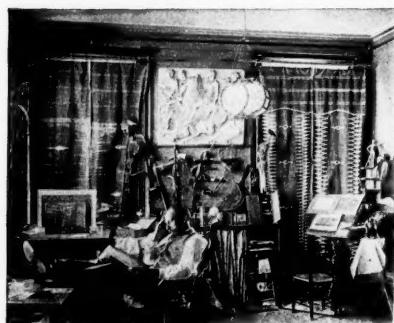
FRANK O. SMALL.



ELLIOTT DAINGERFIELD.



WORDSWORTH THOMPSON.



DAN BEARD.



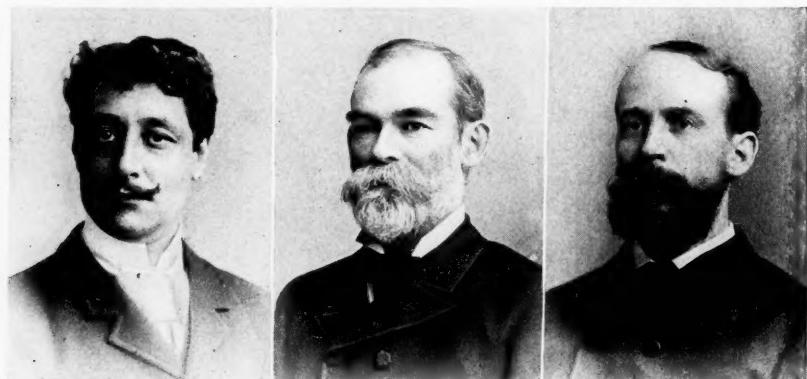
CHARLES C. CURRAN.



THOMAS B. CRAIG.

HUGHSON HAWLEY.

R. F. ZOGbaum.



REGINALD B. BIRCH.

BENJ. LANDER.

H. G. PLUMB.



FRANCIS WHEATON.

CHARLOTTE WHITMORE.

JOSEPH LAUBER.



M. F. H. DE HAAS.



LOUIS H. HOLMAN.



HUGH M. EATON.



WM. A. COFFIN.



A. BEEBE.



W. P. BODFISH.



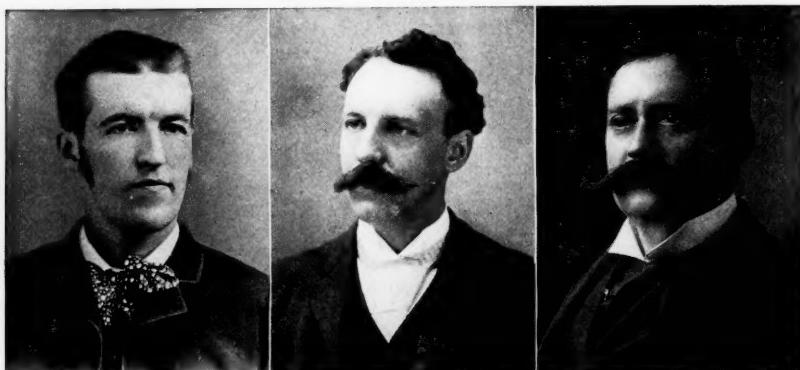
FREDERIC REMINGTON.



AMY L. KELLOGG.



LEE WOODWARD ZEIGLER.



J. H. HATFIELD.

CHARLES J. BUDD.

E. L. DURAND.



STANLEY MIDDLETON.

ARCHIE GUNN.

MALCOLM FRASER.



LEONARD OCHTMAN.

JOSEPH H. BOSTON.

CULMER BARNES.

"MY FAVORITE MODEL."

BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

(With original illustrations of it by numerous artists)



Drawn by Mary Buttes.
"BERTHE."

WHO, on visiting the studios of different artists, or observing a number of pictures by the same man or woman, has not been struck by the fact that in all of any one person's work there is usually some prevailing type, whether this relate to human nature or some other kind of nature, however versatile the craftsman or craftswoman may be?

In the paintings of Van Marcke we seem to recognize certain "old original" cows whom we can almost call by name, though they appear under slightly varied forms, as clearly as we trace one particular model in all the angelic maidens of Botticelli. So, likewise, it is true of landscapists, that each has his favorite aspects of trees or shapes of cloud;



Drawn by E. W. Kemble.
"HE CAN SING, FIGHT, DANCE, PLAY
BALL, AND GET DRUNK."



Drawn by Max F. Kipper

"MOTHER AND SON."



Drawn by Ella F. Pell.

"VICTORS."

and among illustrators, for example, the recurrence of a special type or model is very marked in such widely divergent workers as Abbey and Vedder. It was a happy thought, then, on the part of THE QUARTERLY ILLUS-

TRATOR, to ask a number of our characteristic and productive artists to send in drawings showing, in each case, "My Favorite Model."

This is, perhaps, a little like asking a poet or a novelist to point out a fixed favorite among his poems or stories. Still, in such a collection as this, we get at a great deal which is suggestive and true.

Thus as Dvöák tells us that the negro has produced the only genuine American music, so E. W. Kemble pins his faith to the negro as an unique, unfailing source of the picturesque and humorous; with capital success, as his many and popular delineations in The Century and St. Nicholas testify. In this field, also, Mary Berri Chapman has planted and plucked laurels, although she makes this

Drawn by Henry Sandham.

"A MODEL OF GRACE."

confession: "My favorite model is also my latest model, of plural gender as well as number." Yet she admits that a negro "auntie," such as we find here in "Old Kittie," might be called "the favorite model of her friends."



Drawn by Ilona Rado.

"A MODEL TO MANY MASTERPIECES."



Drawn by C. K. Linson.

"LIKE A LITTLE DUTCHMAN."



Drawn by James Symington.

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

farm, last summer." We were not there; but we are there now—we are sure of it; and if we could raise live stock as easily as he does, with a few passes of the brush—and such good live stock—we would be content. Next come the man and the horse together; a nude rider, half classic, possibly Gallic, with a mythical touch, on a contorted steed. But this does not claim to be Miss Ella F. Pell's "favorite;" for, while she generally begins her pictures with a model, she finishes them "out of her head," though remaining perfectly sane. From horse and horseman we graduate to the purely human in the next apparition—an abundant yet gracefully posed woman, in simple Greek or goddess garb, whom Mr. Henry Sandham

Enough of classification. Let us rather look upon these figures and scenes as they appear before us, at hazard; as though we were taking a walk along the street or in the country, a stroll through "society," or, for that matter, making an excursion into dreamland. Is not this world of art, in a fine and lofty way, something like a masquerade? Sundry of the shapes it presents seem perfectly real and well known; others attract us by their strangeness, their air of fantasy. This

mare and her pretty
foal—are
they not
familiar to
us? Max F.
Klepper
says they
were the
result "of
study on a



Drawn by E. Daecke.

"MONARCH OF ALL HE SURVEYS."



Drawn by Agnes D. Abbott.

"ROYAL FAVORITES."

skillfully introduces to us. It is odd—yet quite in the nature of masquerading—that alongside these representatives of a remoter ideal world we should chance upon the vivid yet phlegmatic “little Dutchman,” whom Mr. C. K. Linson makes known, and the serious-eyed young woman with a sort of filleted hood, whom Ilona Rado vouches for. With her large, firm, yet emotional features she might pass for a Charlotte Corday. Whoever this mysterious personage may be, Ilona Rado says she prefers her among many hundreds, and that she has been “the model to many masterpieces.”



Drawn by E. M. Becknell.

“A CAPRICIOUS MODEL.”



Drawn by J. H. Hatfield.

“HELPING PAPA.”

It will be observed that, as these people pass before us, they do not always unmask. With the very first one in the procession, though, it is otherwise; for Mary Buttles, in an aside, makes us acquainted with her as “Berthe,” a native of Alsace-Lorraine, as her costume hints. Berthe, now of Paris, is an accredited favorite, “tall, rather angular, with good features and delicate coloring, together with a curious mixture of refinement and hardness, attractive in many points both artistic and inartistic.” She has



Drawn by Lee Woodward Zeigler.

“ONE OF MANY POSES.”



*Drawn by
F. A. Carter.*

"TEN-MINUTE
SKETCHES."

"a face that is sweet, with an expression both sad and wistful, yet her main effort in life is not to let anybody get ahead of her." Truly it is a curious study, this of the artists' models—a study in character not only of the models, but also of the artists themselves, their motives and tastes.

James Symington reveals his sympathy with art in general by his choice of a woman violinist for his subject, or, rather, his representative at this entertainment. Mr.



Drawn by George Varian.

"HER FIRST GRIEF."



Drawn by Clara Weaver Parrish.

"MELANCHOLY."

Daecke sends a little child. On the other hand, Agnes D. Abbott is inclined to give the human interest a secondary place, claiming a superior and perennial youth for her favorite model, who, "as years go on, grows more beautiful. She has become a fashionable lady, with gorgeous costumes. She holds great receptions every year. Do you know her? She is the royal chrysanthemum."

But still more impersonal, more independent of mere humanity, is E. M. Bicknell, whose favorite model is possibly a



Drawn by Morgan Rhee.

"ON THE BEACH."

wave of some sort, since he is devoted to marine views. So, too, it would appear with Mr. W. St. John Harper, who declares that his favorite is Cynthia,

"That orb'd maiden, with white fire laden,"

the moon. But Mr. Harper juggles with us a little; for he discloses not a man in the moon, but a beautiful, mystical woman in the moon, Sphinx-like, yet devoid of the Sphinx's bitterness. He finds it difficult, however, to persuade her to pose. "Just

as I was about to complete this study I send you," he writes, "she sailed behind a silver cloud. This accounts for the vagueness of the sketch."

Then, again, we are brought face to face with the most intimate of human interests, in J. H. Hatfield's drawing of his daughter Dot, who has figured at the Salon and the World's Fair. "She sometimes wishes her papa was not an artist, but when once interested is willing to lend him a helping hand."

From Lee
Woodward

Zeigler's lady in a listening attitude, we naturally await interesting disclosures, which have not yet come to hand. But F. A. Carter is interested in another phase of suspense—that of a man trying to tie his shoe—which, indeed, is one of the problems of life, even when presented only in outline.

Another problem, though by no means vexatious in appearance, is Morgan Rhees's buxom young woman in a bathing dress and scarf-tied hat, standing on a beach; against which we have, by contrast, a young girl in



Drawn by W. P. Bodfish.

"THREE OF A DIFFERENCE."



Drawn by M. R. Dixon.

"THAT DAUGHTER OF MINE."



Drawn by Miss Georgina Davis.

"A MODERN MODEL."



Drawn by Albert D. Blashfield.

"WHERE IS HE?"

"Marguerite" attire, with a handkerchief in her hand, at a casement which she is about to open. This is a sketch by George Varian, who, rising from the ranks of photo-engraving work, has begun to achieve ideals of his own, and shows romantic sentiment. A weird woman in black, with her hands clasped, and an open folio fallen at her feet, whom Clara Weaver Parish brings to our view, has a tinge of decided melancholy; and herein we see the varied scope of artistic vision and sympathy.

Frederic Remington rides into the arena (though he himself remains invisible) on a thin, war-worn steed which looks almost like a hybrid; and he disguises himself further under "A Study of Legs"—horses' legs, it should be explained. I fancy that Remington also indulges in humor, when he offers this jaded animal

and a few scattered fore-legs as his favorite models. Still he may be quite serious, for, like the famous naturalist who reconstructed an extinct animal from a bone or two, Remington has shown the ability to produce a whole new world of horses in graphic art, from the race of animals that had been going around in a neglected condition before he cast his eye upon them and aimed his pencil at them. William Bodfish treats his two dogs and a pony in a different style. They "keep up the pace," though he complains that



Drawn by C. M. Relyea.

"ON DUTY."



Drawn by Harry Roseland.

"UNDER THE ROSE."

Drawn by
Harry L. Parkhurst.

"A STUDY."

*Drawn by C. J. Budd.**"AN ORIENTAL BELLE."**Drawn by G. B. Drake.**"MY UNKNOWN MODEL."*

One is inclined to ask why he should select this as his favorite model. Mr. C. J. Budd, who, as an illustrator of stories of adventure, has used models ranging from the ugliest to the most beautiful of creatures, declares in favor of woman in general, and seems to prefer her as seen in Oriental costume. R. H. Livingstone, however, contents himself with

*Drawn by Albertine Randall Wheelan.**"BUDDING GENIUS."*

they do not always keep the pose; and he seems to have caught them.

Again the scene changes. Here are two charming young women—

one sitting, the other standing with one hand leaning on a window-sill. Who are they? M. R. Dixon explains that the fair damsel seated is her daughter and her favorite. The other girl, Georgina Davis's creation, prefers to ask *you* for an explanation.

Albert D. Blashfield gives us as his favorite a lady in simple modern cos-

tume, seated in a plain modern wicker chair.

C. M. Relyea tells no story, but submits a charming feminine seated figure in cape and hat. Harry Roseland does tell a story of a pretty girl reading a letter under a parasol (and "under the rose"), but the sequel is not given; and Mr. Harry L. Parkhurst vaguely indicates a nude woman dressing her hair.

*Albertine Randall Wheelan
• 1893 •**"BUDDING GENIUS."**Drawn by R. H. Livingstone.**"TWO CRONIES."*



Frederick W. Freer.

Drawn by Frederick W. Freer.

"A SUMMER GIRL."

dog, and a newly hatched chicken cluster round his pudgy feet.

Now, what are we to make of all these contrasts and contradictions? What are we to conclude?

Wait a moment! There are some more pictures to be examined. Again the phantasmagoria; again the masquerade.

We have here Frederick W. Freer's thoughtfully gay woman, with a broad hat tipped slantingly over her head, and eyebrows slightly strained; E. A. Bell's woman with her



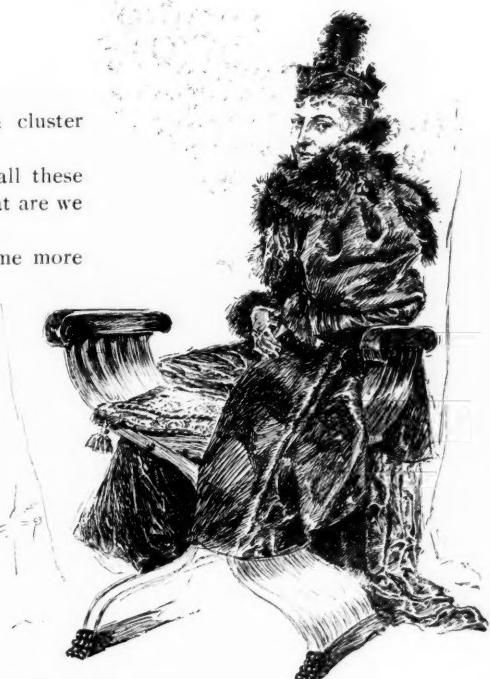
H. G. Plumb.

"TICKLED."

smaller boy how to smoke; but that this does not quite correspond to his ambitions for the future, I judge from the fact that, so far, he has had no regular artistic training, but expects to begin serious study soon. G. B. Drake places before us the modest glimpse of a shyly beautiful yet pensive face, with abundant hair falling and draped over the bust. Albertine Randall Wheelan refreshes us with a quietly joyous little nude boy playing a mandolin, while a kitten, a pug-

Drawn by E. A. Bell.

"WITH HEAD BOWED DOWN."



Geo. F. Kerr.

"UP TO DATE."



*Drawn by H. Martin Beal.
"PEPITA."*

head bowed, her hair bound succinctly—a suggestion of sadness; then, in the next breath, H. G. Plumb's laughing boy, on the broad grin, and George F. Kerr's dashing woman of fashion, in fur-trimmed cape and high plumed hat, reposing on a broad, curved bench. We also surprise H. Martin Beal's old Pepita, in her Italian costume, asleep near the end of life's toil, even while trying to maintain an attitude for the artist's benefit. And at the same moment we detect Will



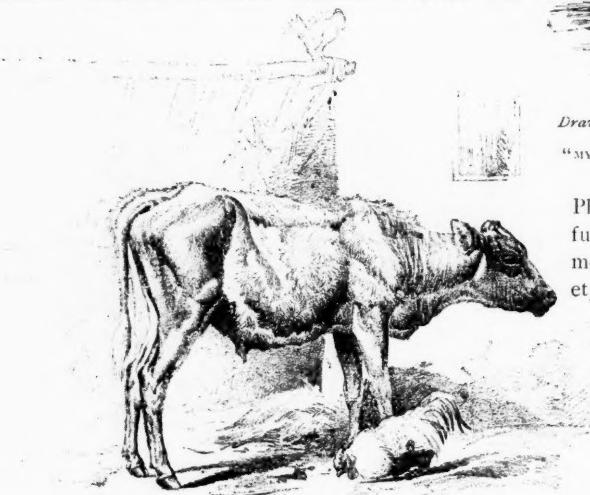
Drawn by Thomas B. Craig.

"SHEEP'S HEAD."



Drawn by Will Phillip Hooper.

"MY FAVORITE MODEL—MY MOTHER."



*Drawn by Peter Moran.
"WAITING FOR DINNER."*

Phillip Hooper's gracefully habited dame of more conventional society, examining a portfolio or a canvas on a working easel. Her back is turned to us. She is a study of draperies. Sometimes draperies are the whole of existence, to cer-

tain people ; and the artist has perhaps typified this truth here.

But, just as we have become interested in these phases of "the human form divine," we are led firmly to the contemplation of Peter Moran's lean heifer, Thomas B. Craig's strong yet rather mournful sheep's head, Silas D. Dustin's bull belligerently gazing at a leafy background of trees, and Francis Wheaton's charming studies of innocent lambs. The barnyard and the field re-

assert themselves, in contrast with both the frivolous and the ideal elements of humanity.

Speaking of draperies—there

are none to speak of, in the case of Charles H. Provost's decorative nude female figure. But in Stanley Middleton's beautiful, serene, and delicately modelled profile head of a woman in her prime, with her neck and shoulder exposed, her back turned toward the spectator, and the fold of a loose garment encircling her, we touch high-water mark of purity and sweetness. The seriousness of Mr. Middleton's artistic purpose is well indicated in these words of his : " Of the many models I have used, there are but two or three, perhaps, that I could call ' favorites '—owing to the fact of always deriving better results from them, their refinement, and, above all, the interest they show in the work they undertake. To have a so-called



*Drawn by
Charles Hope Provost.
"DECORATIVE."*



*Drawn by Silas S. Dustin.
"IN HIS SOLID DAYS."*



*Drawn by Stanley Middleton.
"A REAL IDEAL."*



*Francis Wheaton
"Flock of sheep."*

*Drawn by G. E. Burr.**"THE HOUSE BY THE HIGHWAY."*

model about me, who comes merely for the dollar and a half, is not in the least calculated to stimulate my inspirations, and I give a sigh of relief when I can bow them gracefully out of the studio forever."

It is pleasant, also, to be reminded that there are keen, sympathetic eyes always on the watch for the homely or

*Drawn by Harry S. Watson.**"ON STRICTLY CORRECT LINES."**Drawn by W. St. John Harper.**"CYNTHIA."**W. ST. JOHN HARPER. 1893.*



Drawn by Maria Brooks.

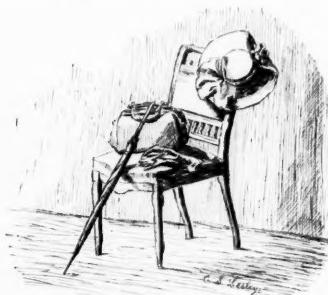
"IN THE DUMPS."

he puts in evidence is the sort of theme which most appeals to him. Mr. Watson says nothing,

domestic, and skilful hands to depict the same; as in G. E. Burr's old-time American farmhouse by the highway, with its immense tutelary tree (an elm, I suppose) and its quaint well-sweep. That bit of bucolic landscape is fitly accompanied with the excellent old lady, bonneted, bespectacled, and wrinkled, whom Harry S. Watson so faithfully portrays. Mr. Burr says openly that his favorite model is landscape, and that the old farmhouse which

except with his crow-quill; but his drawing speaks volumes for his love of the wholesome, the domestic, and of integrity in character. He is good.

Mr. Archie Gunn goes to quite another extreme; and one may be forgiven for smiling and starting to think of the surprise and horror with which Mr. Watson's decorous old maid or matron vener-



Drawn by E. S. Lesley.

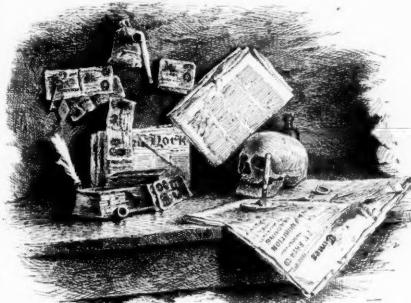
"A USEFUL OUTFIT."

able (whichever she may be) would regard her next door neighbor as ushered in by Mr. Gunn, without a stitch of clothing. This is but another episode in the bizarre masquerade of art, at which we are glancing. Mr. Gunn's reason for presenting this delicately rendered nudity is that his chief and favorite study is that of the female figure. But we do not quite understand why it should be the function of "Truth" to reveal herself precisely in this form to a small Nubian slave squatting in the foreground. It is



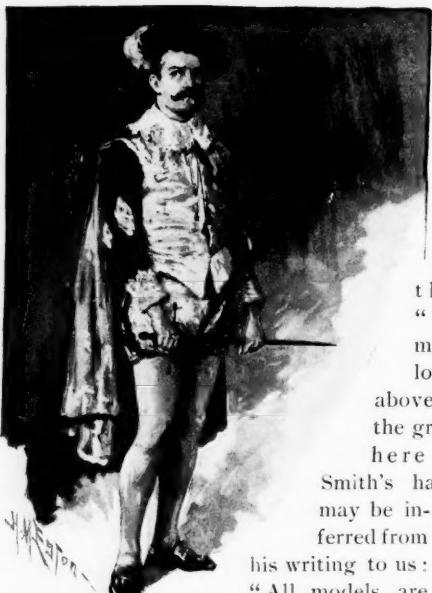
Drawn by Archie Gunn.

"TRUTH."



Drawn by D. D. Smith.

"FACTS."



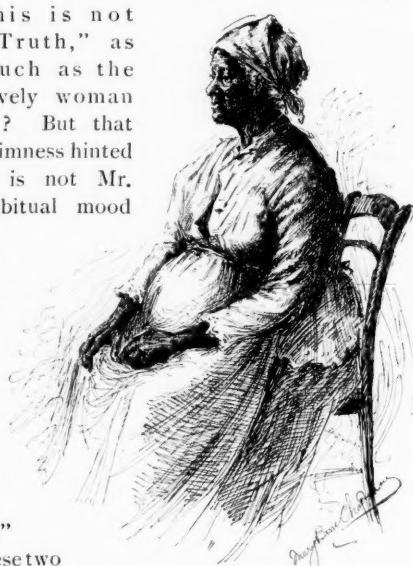
Drawn by H. M. Eaton.
"IN SILK ATTIRE."

a very different and a grim phase of truth which Mr. D. D. Smith illustrates in the still—very still life sketch below; if it be proper to speak of bony structure as having life; for here the artist sardonically shows us an empty skull lying upon a perhaps equally empty daily paper, with an empty pipe, an idle pen, and equally idle banknotes close at hand. Who shall say

this is not
"Truth," as
much as the
lovely woman
above? But that
the grimness hinted
here is not Mr.
Smith's habitual mood
may be in-
ferred from

his writing to us:
"All models are
favorites of mine
who can, by dis-
tinction of pose,
motion, or expres-
sion, throw them-
selves into the
character
represented."

After these two
very decided un-
maskings
—one of
the bare body, the other of a bare skull—
one turns with interest and appreciation to
Maria Brooks's charming and cleverly
characterized little girl "In the
Dumps," her face forever hooded
and concealed. Who
is this tiny *incog-*
nita? Why, she may
be any one of our
friends or ourselves:
are we not all very
much like her at
times? E. S. Les-
ley's odd group of a



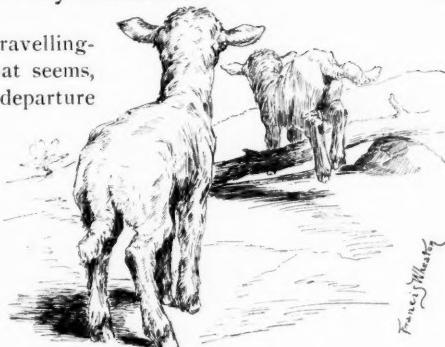
Drawn by Mary B. Chapman.
"OLE KITTHE."



Drawn by Culmer Barnes.

"FAIRY TALES."

tumble-down chair supporting a travelling-bag, an umbrella, and a feminine hat seems, however, to warn us that the time of departure is near, that the show is almost over. And here, once more, we note the universal interest, the lively perception of graphic art, which can invest a plain bit of furniture and two or three ordinary articles of use or wear with so much movement and suggestion of story.



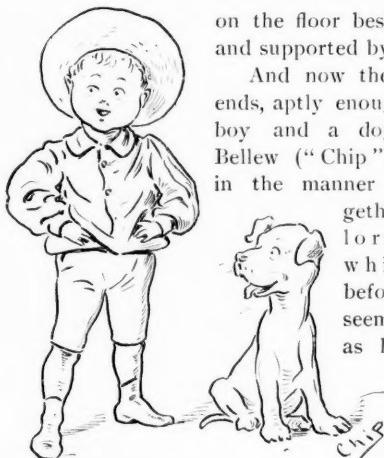
Drawn by Francis Wheaton,

"A SPRING MODEL."



Drawn by Francis Wheaton.

"A SUMMER MODEL."



Drawn by Frank P. Bellew.

"LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG."

Mr. Hugh M. Eaton is both quaint and discerning in his effective drawing of a mediaeval noble or gentleman holding in his two hands, by hilt and blade, a sword.

Illusion leads to fairyland, whither Culmer Barnes now transports us, in his delightful conceit of a lovely girl reading from some legendary volume, with her feet resting on a live tiger, who obligingly offers himself as a rug, while a child, nestled

on the floor beside him, is gently enfolded and supported by his tail.

And now the masquerade is over. It ends, aptly enough, with a humorous small boy and a dog, devised by Frank P. Bellew ("Chip"), who bring up the rear in the manner usual to processions, together with Remington's forlorn and hungry quadruped, which we have spoken of before. Bellew's small boy seems astonished and inquiring, as his canine friend is, also; yet somehow they both appear to have a secret knowledge concerning this whole riddle of illustrative art.



Drawn by Frederic Remington.

"AN OLD FRIEND."

PICTURES THAT HAVE INFLUENCED ARTISTS.

BY CHARLES M. SKINNER.

(With sketches from memory by well-known artists.)



Drawn by Agnes D. Abbott.

"A ROCKY COAST."

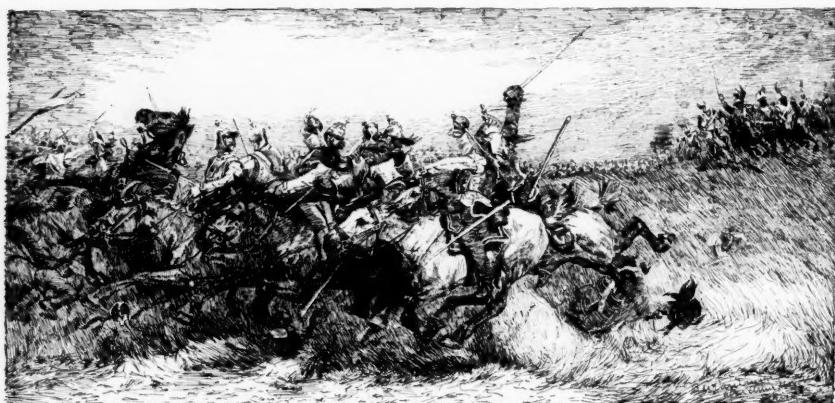
bring up in Congress, or the penitentiary. In this article we find how and why it is that certain painters are what they are, and these disclosures have a deeper interest than they realize —the interest of a psychologic revelation. Had not Irving R. Wiles seen a Fortuny, he might have been playing in an orchestra or raising watermelons; and but for the fortunate attraction of a Chinaman done in colored chalks, in a tea store window, Mr. Howarth might at this day have been putting up oolong in half-pound parcels behind the counter of that very shop; and where, then, would Puck be? A successful man says that he owes all his prosperity to a kick. His father gave it, instead of a blessing, when he led him to the door and told

THE growth of the big oak from the little acorn is a trite symbol of development, but it is pat to the case of the mental life of almost every human being. Some trifles, seen, heard, or believed, has given a new turn to thoughts, ambitions, and convictions, and from that germ of experience the individual marks the deciding point in his career. There are men who start out as sneaks who end by becoming philanthropists, and there are men who begin life as good boys who



Drawn by Francis Wheaton.

"THE SHEPHERDESS."



Drawn by A. W. Van Deusen, after Aimé Morot.

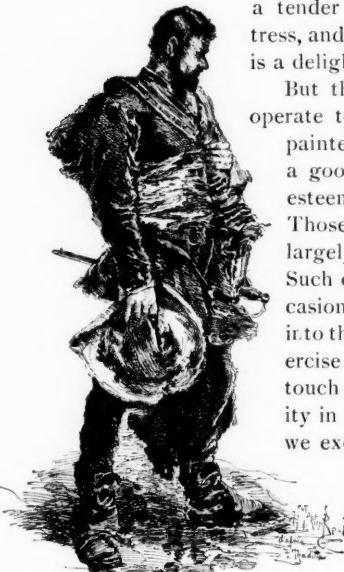
"REZONVILLE."

him to "hustle" for his living. He had to earn that living or die. Artists, poets, musicians, actors, all interpreters of the beautiful, are not to be kicked into greatness or efficiency. Art is

a tender and lovely mistress, and to work for her is a delight.

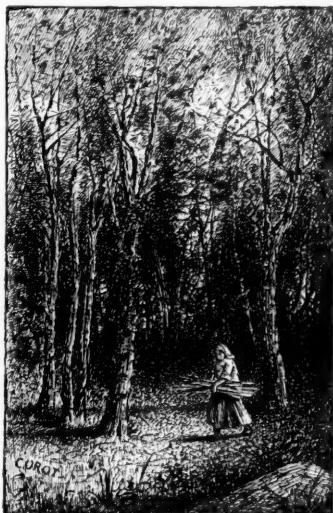
But the same causes operate to make a good painter that produce a good farmer or an esteemed President. Those causes are largely assimilative. Such of us as are occasionally tempted it to the unhealthy exercise of introspection touch a point of lucidity in that view when we exclaim in aston-

ishment, "For goodness' sake, have I an *ego*? Is there anything to me? I knew that I got my complexion from my mother, and my temper from my father, and my squint from one grandfather, and my miserly habits from the other; but now I find that I owe my political views to the Daily Terror, my choice in eating to my cook, my religion to disgust at a



*Drawn by H. Martin Beal,
after F. Tradilla.
"WARRIOR."*

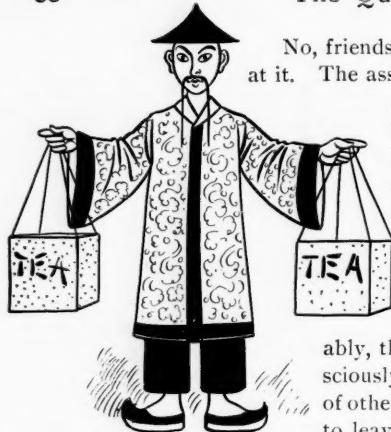
tract that I found in a horse-car, my poverty to an acquaintance in school, my taste in music to an accidental talk with a second-rate fiddler, my pugnacity to a thwack on the sconce that I had twenty-odd years ago, my way of shaving—but there! I am simply a feeble prey of influences. There isn't enough originality in me to choose the pattern of my own trousers." At that moment the consolation suggests itself that our neighbors are as petty and imitative as we are, and that humanity is, after all, but a large machine composed of many parts, but doing the same work year in and year out, and leaving the best things unattempted.



*Drawn by Benj. Lander,
after J. B. C. Corot.
"IN THE FOREST."*



*Drawn by Edward Loyal Field.
"A NOVEMBER MEMORY."*



*Drawn by F. M. Howarth.
"MY PATRON SAINT."*

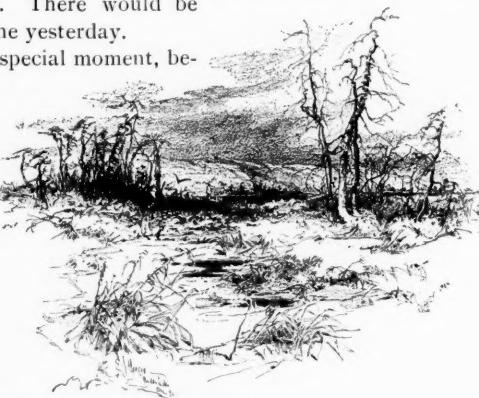
No, friends, that is not the way to look at it. The assimilative faculty is a divine one. If we accepted no teachings, followed no hints, the safe and proper conservatism that holds us together could not be, and instead of society we should have anarchy. It is the glory of every one who is living usefully and honorably, that he has, though unconsciously, absorbed something good of other men and is endeavoring, again unconsciously, to leave something better for his successors to copy. All advance is but a series of improvements on old models. There would be

no artists to-day, had there been none yesterday.

This series of confessions is of especial moment, because the impressions made on the emotional nature of artists are deeper than those projected against the more callous consciousness of ordinary mortals. They are more highly sensitized than the latter. Suppose it had been a plumber instead of Mr. Bolmer, who, on his day of inspiration among the lonely dunes and marshes, had felt that afflatus through which nature lights and glitters as in apotheosis; what



*Drawn by
F. M. Howarth.
"ME."*



*Drawn by E. J. Meeker.
"FROST ROUND."*



*Drawn by Ilona Rado, after Hoffmann.
"THE ADULTERESS."*

then? He would merely have reckoned it in to the next man's bill. Would that bleak lake shore that lingers in Mr. Meeker's memory have so pursued the imaginings of an alderman? Nay, nay. Would the Corot, that Mr. Lander owns and loves so, charm the stentor who roars fish through our street? Alas and alack, and again, nay.

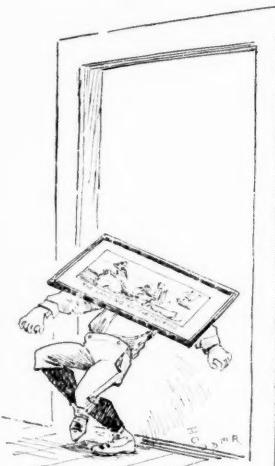
In certain cases these impressions have been vivid and fleeting, but in others the effect has been of life-long and fortunate endurance. Who does not see the relation between Thomas Moran's early admiration for Turner and his "Dream of Venice" and his western landscapes? Who that has felt

the poetry of Mr. De Haven's pictures of evening glow needs to be told that he has responded most quickly to the charm of sunset pinks and yellows playing over the westward faces of sand-dunes? It will usually be found in pictures, as in other things, that the exceptional

and surprising are not the things that live with us longest. We assimilate most quickly what we feel to be the normal and the true. Ilona

Rado and Mr. Poore illustrate one of the inevitable and educating experiences. In no set of pictures, then, has taste and character been more exactly discovered than in these illustrations. Tranquillity is the theme in the sea view by Agnes D. Abbott, as it is in Francis Wheaton's shepherdess. A. W. Van Deusen is a soldier *in esse*, as you see from his choice of Morot's fiery battle-piece. H. Martin Beal is more the soldier *in posse*, his booted and girded swashbuckler expressing strength in repose. The thoughtful charm of Corot is repeated by Benjamin Lander; and in the drear skies and leafless trees of E. L. Field and E. J. Meeker we have the sad sentiment of November. Grace and feeling pertain to the figure by Miss Rado, and violent feeling without grace is the experience and expression of Will Phillip Hooper.

It is obviously the homely beauty of life that allures Mrs. M. E. Dignam, while the majesty of the classic is potent with W. St. John Harper. Ella F. Pell summarizes, in her drawing, the arts that have influenced the world for good, taking for her types the Venus of Milo, the Moses of Angelo, and the paintings of Raphael, Corot and Turner.

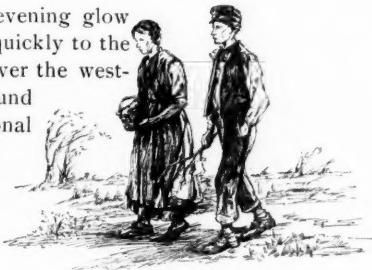


*Drawn by Will Phillip Hooper,
after the picture fell.
"THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS."*



*Drawn by W. St. John Harper,
after Panel Decoration by Paul
Baudry.*

"MELPOMENE."



*Drawn by M. E. Dignam, after Joseph Israels.
"THE BASFUL SUITOR."*



*Drawn by Ella F. Pell.
"SOURCES OF INSPIRATION."*

AROUND THE WORLD OF ART.

DESPITE the great commercial depression of the past year, the art season of 1893-94 has a bright and cheery aspect. Pictures are being bought and sold

everywhere, and exhibitions are in vogue throughout the country. Art has become a necessity in America, and connoisseurs no longer go abroad for masterpieces of painting or sculpture. Just what is being done in the art world at large, it is the province of the appended notes to tell. The chronicle is necessarily brief but accurate.

General di Cesnola, secretary of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, is authority for the statement that the Legislature at Albany voted \$135,000 for the purpose of equipping the new wing built on the north side of the museum. A part of the appropriation is for extra boilers and a dynamo plant for lighting and heating the structure. The new wing will be ready to open next May. The main building will be kept open continuously while repairs are being made. The usual autumn reception will be omitted this year because of the necessary repairs now being made throughout the big storehouse of art.

Sculptor Augustus St. Gaudens is busily engaged upon a statue of Rip Van Winkle which is to be placed, when finished, in front of the administration building in Central Park.

The third annual exhibition of architectural drawings and ceramics, given by the flourishing young Art Club of Philadelphia, was closed to the public on November 4, after a successful showing of three weeks' duration. The sales during the time the exhibition was open were numerous, and the daily attendance large. The Art Club has arranged for a number of attractive displays during the season.

A large and valuable picture by the late Leonard D. Vince has been placed on view in Milan's art gallery. The painting represents Balaam trudging along a rocky road, accompanied by his faithful donkey, and reading as he walks. This picture is valued at \$10,000.

A collection of black-and-white sketches and original illustrations—many of which have been reproduced in *THE QUARTERLY ILLUSTRATOR*—were exhibited at the Holbein Galleries in October. These drawings were, in the main, the work of F. S. Church, T. de Thulstrup, W. H. Hyde, and Granville Smith. Mr. Church's contributions consisted chiefly of data in lead pencil for more important work, and a few fine etchings, while Mr. Hyde's exhibit was most in guache and pen and ink. Most of the drawings were sold.

Charles Hope Provost, who has achieved some



From Pall Mall Budget.

"MOPSY AND FLOSSIE."



*Drawn by J. L. Forian.
From Le Journal Amusant.*

"WAITING."

reputation as a general illustrator, has opened an art school in New York, where he is giving instruction in decorative designing and pen drawing for reproduction.

The Brooklyn Art School opened the exhibition season in the city of churches on November 11. The display was extensive and interesting, and the Art Association galleries in the Y. M. C. A. building where the exhibition was held were tastefully decorated. All the instructors of the school, Messrs. William M. Chase, Walter Shirlaw, Thomas Robinson, Joseph H. Boston, J. Massey Rhind, and Miss Elizabeth Catlin, exhibited new works from their studios.

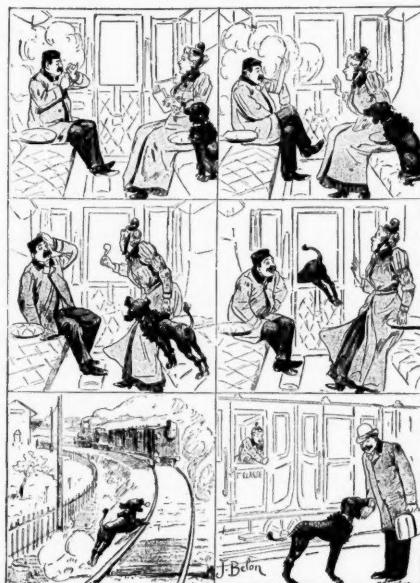
The new board of instructors of the Detroit (Mich.) Museum Art School is composed of the following well-known artists: Daniel La Ferte, Joseph Gies, William A. Haefeker, Henry Vallbrachte, Walter B. Stratton,



Drawn by J. Bahr.

From *Illustrierte Welt*.

"CURED."



Drawn by J. Belon.

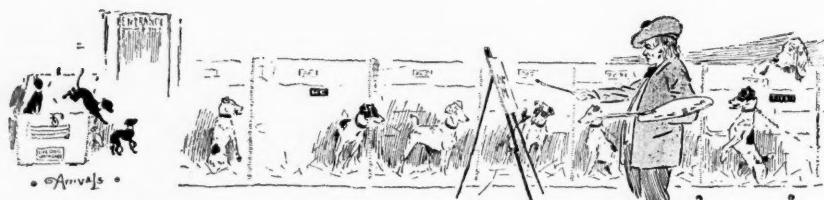
From "Black and White."

"THE DOG AS THE FRIEND OF MAN."

Mrs. Emily G. Holden and Miss Mary McMaster. The present is the sixth year of the art school's existence, and classes are now taught in drawing, industrial designing, modelling, wood carving, and architecture. The advantages of this popular school of art are a carefully selected staff of teachers, well-lighted schoolrooms, a large collection of casts from the antique, and a valuable gallery of paintings by old and modern masters.

The Art Institute of Chicago took full possession of its new building after the World's Fair came to an end, and the valuable collections were placed in order for the exhibition given in the middle of December. There will be a series of exhibitions both of oil and water-color paintings given under the auspices of the Art Institute in the course of the present season.

The Rembrandt Art School has taken its stand among the flourishing



Drawn by Cecil Alpin.

"WHO IS HE TAKING?"

From *The Illustrated London News*.

institutions for aesthetical instruction and advancement of busy New York. The school is founded upon the most approved European principles, and it differs from all other art schools inasmuch as the students receive individual instruction, and are encouraged—not enforced—to take up such studies only as they are most anxious to master. In the summer months there is a class for out-of-door sketching from nature. All branches of art are taught. The instructors are: Messrs. Kingsley-Champney, J. M. Uffinger, A. Davie, R. Crosse, G. de la Wey, and Mrs. L. Perrelet. Archibald Talbot is the secretary of the school.

The last collection of pictures made by the late George I. Seney will be sold (after being exhibited) at the American Art Galleries.

An admirable collection of etchings and drawings by

Anders Zorn, the Swedish artist, was shown at the Keppel Gallery in October. Exhibitions of the work of Raffet the French military painter, Joseph Pennell the noted illustrator, and C. W. Sherborn the English draughtsman and engraver, will be placed on view within the next three months. The annual water-color exhibition by American artists will be in vogue at the Keppel Gallery during the Christmas holidays.

A series of water-color views of Venice will be shown this season at the Avery Art Galleries in New York. These pictures were made in less than a fortnight, and there are some twenty-two of them all told. They are the work of a clever young artist, Frank H. Smith, who has travelled a little, and written a good deal for the newspapers.

The sixty-third annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts will open to the public on Monday, December 18, 1893, and close on Saturday, February 24, 1894. The exhibition will consist of original works never before shown in Philadelphia, and done in the various mediums. The directors of the Academy have secured per-

From *Pick Me-Up*.

"A FATAL CASE."

Drawn by Frank Watkins.
From *Judy*.

"RELATIONSHIP."

mits from the owners of about one hundred of the best works in the American section of the World's Fair art exhibit, and they will thus secure a representative exhibition of the best American art up to date. A noteworthy feature of the Academy's exhibitions is the Walter Lippincott prize of three hundred dollars, which carries with it an option on the part of the founder to purchase the painting chosen. The

prize will be awarded for the first time at the present exhibition. The prize will be awarded by such a jury as the Academy may designate for the purpose. There are three other prizes awarded at each exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy, which is one of the most flourishing art institutions in the country. The hanging committee for the sixty-third display is composed of the following distinguished artists: Robert W. Vonnoh, Henry R. Poore, Will S. Robinson, William M. Chase, Carl Newman,

John Lambert, Jr., Charles C. Curran, C. Y. Turner, George W. Maynard, Charles A. Dana, Henry Thouron, Frank D. Millet, Charles H. Davis, Edmund C. Tarbell, and Frank H. Tompkins.

The New York Water Color Club holds its fourth annual exhibition at the galleries of the American Fine Arts Society early in December. An excellent display of aquarelles is anticipated.

The annual show of the Society of American Artists will be given in the galleries of the American Fine Arts Society in New York early in March, 1894.

The separation of the independent representatives of modern art from the Academicians and their followers, who hold their own exhibitions apart from those of the latter (as is done in Paris), has recently taken place in Munich and Berlin, and now comes the news of its realization in Düsseldorf. In the latter city the younger artists, most of them members of the famous artists' society



*Drawn by C. Zellmer.
From Ueber Land und Meer.
"WEIGHT."*



*Drawn by Maurice Grieffenhagen.
From Judy.
"NINETY PER SHENT IN THE SHADE."*

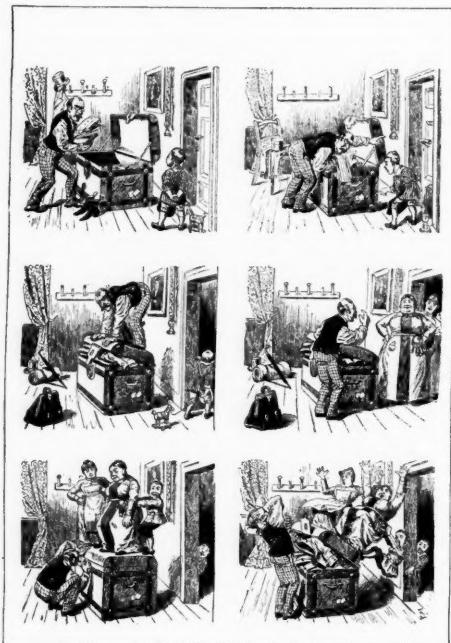


*Drawn by C. Zellmer.
From Ueber Land und Meer.
"WAIT."*

known as the "Malkasten," have held this year an exhibit in Schulte's Art Gallery, which has proved a decided success. It is stated on good authority that they will have their annual spring exhibition each year hereafter, just like the old institution from which they have cut loose.

J. Alden Weir, one of our best-known painters, was married to Miss Kate Baker at Trinity Church, Boston, Mass., on October 28. A number of artists were present. Miss Baker was Mr. Weir's model at one time, and in this manner first became acquainted with her versatile husband. Mr. and Mrs. Weir have made New York their permanent residence.

The New York Etching Club will hold an exhibition at the National Academy of Design, begin-



From Illustrirte Chronik der Zeit.

"WELL SPRUNG."



Drawn by Hugh Thomson.

From Pears Pictorial.

"WEDDING."

ning February 5 and closing March 3, 1894. This display will be given, as heretofore, in conjunction with the regular exhibition of the American Water Color Society. A sumptuous catalogue is being prepared for this exhibition. It will contain five original etchings, ten portraits of prominent etchers, a brief biographical sketch of each, and a practical treatise on the art of etching, by James D. Smillie. Charles F. W. Mielatz is the secretary, and Henry T. Furrer is the president of the Etching Club this year.

In the death of Miss Ella P. Parkinson, the art world suffers the loss of a talented woman artist, whose achievements have won for her unusual encomiums from high sources. Miss Parkinson died at her home in Centralia, Illinois, after a lingering illness. At thirty-two years of age, she had accomplished as

much as most painters accomplish in a long life-time.

At the National Council for Women recently held in Toronto, Canada, Mrs. M. E. Dignam, the well-known Canadian artist, was the only representative of an art organization present at the big meeting. A vote of thanks was extended to Mrs. Dignam for her presence at this important gathering. The Countess of Aberdeen presided.



*From La Vie Parisienne.
"THREE GRACES."*

The "Harmonic Club" gave a private loan exhibition of old masters at their music-rooms on Thanksgiving Day. A number of excellent canvases by the most celebrated artists were placed on view and enjoyed by a throng of visitors.

Will S. Budworth, Jr., has suffered the loss of about eighty carefully executed paintings in oils and water-colors, by the burning of his New York studio. A number of old curiosities, valuable relics and antiques were also lost in the conflagration. Mr. Budworth has already begun to restock his studio.

The National Art Association is a new organization, incorporated for the purpose of establishing a Museum and Academy of Art at the seat of Government to "take, hold, and acquire property, free of taxation, to receive donations and bequests," conduct publications of an art character, and hold exhibitions of art throughout the land at stated intervals. A powerful committee of artists, architects, and sculptors are behind the enterprise. Albert Bierstadt, Edwin H. Blashfield, Jefferson T. Davis, Frederick Deliman, George Washington Maynard, Richard M. Hunt, Eastman Johnson, John La Farge, Augustus St. Gaudens, and J. Q. A. Ward, have indorsed the Association. Any one who will donate property or funds to the purposes of this organization will receive a certificate of stock in the same, and have a voice in the management of the society. A million dollars has already been subscribed by art-loving capitalists.

Sculpture in its various forms has become so important a factor in the art of America that the purpose of the Sculpture Society to raise the standard of work by encouraging the sculptor and educating the



*Drawn by Tice.
From La Vie Parisienne.
"FROM PARIS."*



From Fun.

public has obtained the favor generally of both laymen and artists. The first exhibition of the Society will be given in December. Its chief purpose is to foster the interests of sculptors and create a wider demand for sculpture in the nation. It will endeavor in its first display to make the most comprehensive exhibit of American sculpture ever given to the public.

It is authoritatively stated that the majority of paintings in the American section of the Fine Arts Buildings at the late World's Fair will be removed in bulk to New York, where they will be displayed in the music-room of the



*Drawn by B. Gautier.
From Petit Journal pour rire.
"MARGUERITE AND THE PIGS."*

those members whose fancy has turned toward the humorous side of art. There will be pictures that are wholly comic and pictures that are replete with fun, while others will be merely bits of painted drollery. It is generally supposed that our native American painters are a staid and sober set of men, but the forthcoming exhibition of pictorial jokes will prove that the contrary is true. This novel display will be unique in the annals of our local art.



*Drawn by Martin.
From Le Monde Illustré.
"PRACTICE."*



*"RECKLESS."
From Punch.*

Madison Square Garden on or about March 1, 1894. This exhibition will be the art event of the year in New York, and will doubtless bring many visitors from out of town. William M. Chase, J. G. Brown, and Henry Feno will direct this extensive exhibition.

One of the early attractions of the Academy of Design will be a large collection of comic pictures by

French artists, among whom are Theodore Rousseau, Eugene Delacroix, Paul Delaroche, and Daumier, the illustrator, have left France for good, being dissatisfied with the methods now in vogue in the Parisian schools of art, and the juries who pass upon their pictures in the galleries where their works have been shown.

The twelfth autumn exhibition of the National Academy of Design opened to the public on Monday, December 18, and will close on Saturday, January 13, 1894. Paintings were received from Friday, November 24, until Monday, November 27, inclusive. The jury of selection was composed of the following artists: Messrs. E. H. Blashfield, J. R. Brevoort, J. B. Bristol, George de Forest Wells Champney, M. F. H. Frank Fowler, Swain Giffon, William D. Hart, John vin Minor, Thomas Moran, Palmer, Walter Shirlaw, and Carl T. Wiggins. The committee on arrangements is composed of Messrs. Deilman, Bush, and of hanging the pictures has been turned over to a sub-committee composed of schools, who have given the

A German painter of name, has had one of his old hags with a raven shoulder, accepted and of the Metropolitan Mu-

have examined the painting consider it an excellent piece of brush-work.

A class in practical illustration has been organized at the Art Academy of Cincinnati, Ohio. This class is under the able direction of F. H. Lungren, the well-known illustrator. The work of this new department of the Academy will be in the direction of meeting the requirements for illustration as they now exist, among publishers of books, magazines, and pictorial literature generally. The class will continue throughout the current academic year, and applicants for admission to the department of illustration are required to submit sketches to prove their ability to take up this important branch of art.

There is a permanent exhibition of casts, marbles, and bronzes, which is open daily to visitors at the St. Louis, Mo., Museum of Fine Arts. The school attached to the Museum furnishes instruction in drawing, modelling, painting, artistic anatomy, perspective, composition, and architectural and mechanical drawing—a very complete array of practical departments indeed. The St. Louis School of Fine Arts was never in a more flourishing condition than at the present moment.

It is opened to students in September, and closes in June. Halsey Codhead Ives is the director of this well-equipped institution.

A special water-color exhibition is now on view at the new galleries of William Macbeth in New York. The pictures shown are all by American artists, and among the chief exhibitors are: Robert



From La Vie Parisienne.

"ATTENDED."



From Le Monde Comique.

"TYPES."



From Le Monde Comique.

"TYPES."

Blum, Alfred Brennan, E. M. Bicknell, William Godley Bunce, Carlton T. Chapman, Harry Fenn, W. Hamilton Gibson, Childe Hassam, George W. Maynard, Jay Josephi, Mrs. Rhoda Holmes Nicholls, Leonard Ochtman, Julian Rix, H. Merryman Rosenberg, and Will. S. Robinson. This display will remain open until about Christmastide.

An important collection of ancient armor is being displayed by H. M. Benoit of New York. Some fine old helmets, spears, clubs, and machetes are on view. The original lock from the big gate of the Bastille attracts considerable attention. It is much rusted, but this does not in any way detract from its grim interest.

It is said that a Chinese artist, of considerable distinction in his own land, is on his way to this country for the purpose of painting some

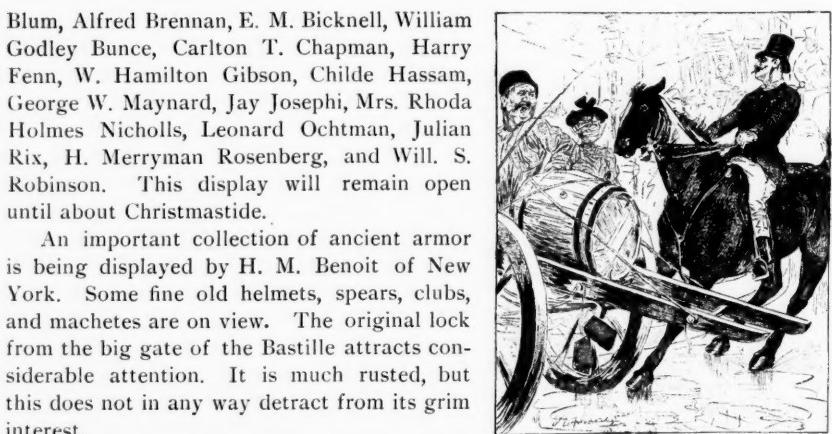
of our national celebrities in his own peculiar manner. The products of this enterprising Celestial painter certainly ought to make an engaging exhibition.

At the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries a collection of art objects from Japan were on view during the middle of November. The collection included rare bronzes, lacquers, swords, porcelains, potteries, and embroideries.

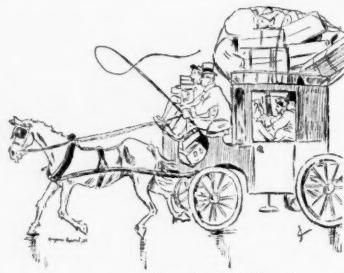
The president of the Academy recently said that a resolution had been passed by the Academy's governors, which practically invited the citizens of New York to

contribute in sums of \$25,000 each to the building fund, such contribution to entitle the giver to become a trustee of this particular fund in order that he may have a voice in the choosing of the site, the architecture, and arrangement of the building. The Academicians are dissatisfied with their present quarters, and are anxious to be more commodiously housed. It is said that \$550,000 has been offered for the property where the Academy now stands. There is a possibility of the city furnishing a site in Central Park, but the possibility is remote and indefinite.

The exhibition of ancient Greek portraits, which opened to the public in the Fine Arts Building of New York on November 20, in connection with the annual exhibition of the New York Water Color Club, is of extraordinary interest and commands the attention of both artists and archæologists.



*Drawn by Stefane.
From La Caricature.
"BLOCKED."*



*From La Vie Parisienne.
"EASY TRAVEL."*



*Drawn by
Paul Destez.
From
L'Univers Illustré.
"GUARD."*

PHOTOGRAPHIC APPENDIX.

CONTRASTS OF LIFE AND ART.

BY WILL H. LOW.

(*With Parallel Illustrations.*)

THE world in general agrees beyond doubt with Robert Burns when he opines that Nature "her prentice hand she tried on man, and then she made the lassies," and no class appears to share this opinion more heartily than the painters if we may judge by their choice of subjects, in which woman predominates to such a marked degree. Again, if one happens to be a painter, the fact that nine out of ten models who knock at the studio door to offer their services are apt to be women, must, by the law of supply and demand, be an indication of the average painter's taste. The direct relation between a given picture and its model is naturally dependent on the temperament of the painter; if he is an uncompromising realist the similarity



From a painting by C. von Baudenhausen.



From a photograph of Miss Caroline Miskel.

"NYDIA, THE BLIND GIRL OF POMPEII."

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between the model and the picture may be very great, but if on the contrary he is possessed of a certain idea and works as it were from within outwards, his indebtedness to the model may be quite as great as with the realistic painter, but the result is less obviously portrait-like. In these pages, however, we have a problem which is neither that of the realist nor, for want of a better word, that of the idealist. Here we have certain well-known pictures in comparison with which we have direct photographs from nature as nearly identical in position, costume, and expression as possible; and the few words which follow in an attempt at the critical considerations suggested by the contrasting pictures are hardly necessary, so vividly do the pictures speak for themselves. At the outset, indeed, a difficulty offers itself, for while one can speak without fear or favor of the painted picture, how can one treat the fair women who have lent themselves to these contrasts in the same impersonal manner? Fortunately, it is chiefly in a complimentary way that the charms of the



*From a photograph of Miss Teresa Vaughan.
"FABIOLA."*



From a painting by J. J. Henner.

fair models permit one to speak, but if in the course of this paper critical considerations should outweigh the scale of judgment on the less gratulatory side, the writer begs pardon in advance and pleads in his favor the fact that for the nonce the personality of the model is merged in the character portrayed. The first of the series contrasts the well-known picture by C. V. Baudenhausen, entitled "Nydia," the blind girl of Pompeii, with a photograph of Miss Caroline Miskel, who certainly gives Bulwer's heroine quite as much grace and sentiment and considerably more reality than the original picture. The slight difference in the poise of the head, and the fact that Miss Miskel is somewhat less "divinely tall" than the painter has imagined "Nydia," only serves to show that painters as a rule are more generous in the proportion of length in comparison to the size of the head than nature.

The next of the series reproduces "Fabiola," by J. J. Henner, in contrast to which Miss Teresa Vaughan has lent her gracious personality. The difficulty of so simple a subject is that no two heads are likely to be of exactly the same type,



*From a photograph of
Miss Teresa Vaughan.*



*From a painting by Murillo.
"MAGDALEN."*



*From a photograph of
Miss Estelle Clayton.*

and the difficulty is added to in this case as the painter habitually renders an arbitrary and somewhat artificial effect of light. In the painted head the shadow under the chin is quite as dark as the dark drapery and represents a degree of shadow to which Miss Vaughan's fair complexion—very properly, one must admit—refused to descend. The question of similarity of type again arises in the reproduction of Murillo's "Magdalen," and is further complicated by the fact that Miss Estelle Clayton appears in friendly rivalry with Miss Vaughan in rendering the fair penitent. Both of the ladies appear rather to the disadvantage of the original picture in point of character, the greater firmness of modelling and the slight angularity of certain lines in contrast with the rotundity of others, making either of the heads preferable from a realistic point of view to the over-pretty and softened-to-nonentity



From a painting by Frank Dicksee.

"CYNTHIA."



From a photograph of Miss Estelle Clayton.

head of Murillo. Miss Clayton reappears at the bottom of the same page, but here a difference in lighting and the poise of the head bending towards the reader, while Frank Dicksee's "Cynthia," with which it contrasts, is inclined in the other direction, hurts the parallel. With the next two pictures we come to a sad realization of the limitations of a painter—of certain painters—and it may be considered unkind to Oscar Begas, the author of the Greek girl here reproduced, to place his work in contrast with the picture for which Miss Marguerite Cortillo has posed. The living quality of the photograph from nature, not to insist on



*From a photograph of
Miss Marguerite Cortillo.*

more evident superiorities to the original in point of beauty, make Begas's painting seem commonplace to the last degree.

Sichel's Pompeian girl on the next page finds two prototypes, in the upper one of which Miss Miskel reappears, while Miss Vaughan furnishes the other subject. In both these, charming as they are, will be noted a certain variation in line and proportion, which if the object sought was an exact reproduction of the original would be difficult to avoid, but the painter would have been fortunate had he found such models to his hand. A few pages back Miss Miskel was told by inference that she was not "di-



From a painting by Oscar Begas.

"THE GREEK GIRL."

vinely tall," but the head for which she has posed in imitation of Joseph Lieck's "Lydia" affords the opportunity of finishing the quotation by adding "most divinely fair" in reference to it. In the reproduction of the "Judith" of Ch. Landelle, Miss Teresa Vaughan appears in a tragic rôle which we fear certain souvenirs of her success in "1492" have disturbed. Holofernes would hardly need fear such an ap-



From a painting by N. Sichel.

"THE POMPEIAN."

partition, and in truth in such subjects as this one finds the defect of the system which has afforded these charming pictures. Where the subject of the picture is mainly occupied with "existing beautifully," results as good as these can be arrived at; but in pictures of a different, of possibly a higher grade, where action or strong emotion is to be expressed, the quality must, in almost any case, reside in the painter and be expressed by him on the canvas. It would only be by the most



From a photograph of Miss Caroline Miskel.



From a photograph of Miss Teresa Vaughan.

fortuitous circumstances that the elements of exact reproduction of line and movement would coincide with that of expression, and not once in a thousand times would the unconscious camera render what the emotion of the trained painter would detect in the same model. To bring to a close this review, to which a strict sense of truth has given an almost fulsomely complimentary tone, mere mention must be made of a reproduction of Baudenhausen's "Listening to the Fairies," for which Miss Miskel has posed. It is with pictures like this, even with the variations which are obvious here, that this system is most successful, and the result as in this case is certain to produce an agreeable picture.



From a painting by Joseph Lieck.

"LYDIA."



From a photograph of Miss Caroline Miskel.

In a certain sense, indeed, from the novelty of the idea and from limitations of time, the pictures reproduced here may be considered as first steps in an interesting direction. With great expenditure of time much more might be attempted and be made as successful, or even more so, than these. The *tableau vivant*, crystallized as it were, and by the aid of the camera made permanent, offers a wide horizon of possibilities. The limitations

noted above, in speaking of the "Judith," could be in a degree overcome by careful consideration of subject and sentiment. It would, doubtless, require much preparation in disposition of backgrounds and the manner of lighting, and on the part of the model a complete submission of personality, to enter into the exact sentiment of the figure represented. Pictures representing groups or several detached figures would still increase the difficulties, but with time, patience, a studio capable of affording a variety of lights, and, above all, that quality of genius which we name taste, the task would be an alluring one, and would undoubtedly give most interesting results. In these days, when the amateur photographer is abroad in the land, no better means of acquiring one of the qualities which cannot be purchased, with even the most expensive camera, could be found than in thus endeavor-



From a painting by Charles Landelle.



"JUDITH."

From a photograph of Miss Teresa Vaughan.

ing to reproduce good pictures. In this way principles of composition, of light and shade, of that which we must retain in nature, and that which we must reject or relegate to a subordinate plane, would be learned, and unconsciously the amateur, in attempting original work, would after such a training apply the principles thus acquired. When once we approach the subject of originality, however, we step beyond the limits of this article, though the transition is a natural one. The amateur takes upon himself, with each new plate, to make a picture which has never existed before, and, if by careful attention the discoverable qualities which go to make up a work of art are acquired, each of these plates might represent the result of such study. Leaving out of the question absolutely original subjects, such as would require on the part of the amateur the creative, imaginative faculty which is not lavished on the first-comer—few artists even possessing it—there remains the whole range of subjects to be gleaned from literature and illustrations by the

camera of such themes would more than repay him who would attempt them. No hand-and-foot rule can be given for such picture-making, but one would go far in first looking over the range of subjects, choosing that which really interests one, the simpler the better at first, and then making an effort at realizing how such a character in the story would naturally live, move, and have his being. All details given by the author should be noted and followed where such detail helps to make the character visible, or suppressed if such details are more individual than typical, for it must be remembered that the author only has to do with the mental vision, and cannot always be followed



From a painting by C. von Baedehausen.



From a photograph of Miss Caroline Miskel.

"LISTENING TO THE FAIRIES."

when it comes to the realization of the picture in his mind's eye. Then, a characteristic type of model having been found (no easy task), there would come in the considerations of placing the figure on the plate, the effect of light and of line, the thousand and one considerations which must all be taken into account if you would make a work of art. Repeated attempts would be necessary, and many plates; but the growth of appreciation, resulting from study, would lead one on until, in the hands of the intelligent amateur, the camera would become more than the innocent toy which it is too often at present. Hence I may conclude in saying, think for yourself; and then—and only then—let the camera "do the rest."

